

PASTOR HALL

by the same author

autobiography

I WAS A GERMAN
LETTERS FROM PRISON

plays

THE BLIND GODDESS
DRAW THE FIRES !
MASSES AND MAN
SEVEN PLAYS
NO MORE PEACE !

PASTOR HALL

a play in three acts

by

ERNST TOLLER

translated by

STEPHEN SPENDER



LONDON

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

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*Dedicated to the Day
when this Play may be
performed in Germany*

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Mr. Hugh Hunt in the final revision of the text in
co-operation with the author.

CHARACTERS

FRIEDRICH HALL, *Pastor*

IDA HALL, *his wife*

CHRISTINE HALL, *their daughter*

GENERAL PAUL VON GROTHJAHN, *retired*

DR. WERNER VON GROTHJAHN, *his son*

FRITZ GERTE, *Sturmbann leader, later Commandant in the
Concentration Camp*

JULIE, *servant in the Rectory*

TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN, *a shoemaker*

EGON FREUNDLICH

ERWIN KOHN

PETER HOFER

AUGUST KARSCH

HERMANN STETLER

KARL MÜLLER

JOHANN HERDER

HEINRICH DEGEN, *S.S. Man*

JOSEPH LUEDEKE, *Land Corporal*

2 OFFICERS OF THE GESTAPO *in uniform*

} *Prisoners in the Concentration Camp*

} *Guards in the camp*

PASTOR HALL

ACT ONE

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The stage is divided horizontally into a front room and a back room. The back room is a step higher than the front room, connected to it by sliding doors with large glass windows. The living-room in front is comfortably and unfashionably furnished. Behind, in the dining-room, the table is festively decorated and prepared for the evening meal.*

When the curtain goes up, IDA HALL is arranging flowers in the dining-room. She changes vases around and takes good care that the colours of the flowers "harmonize."

IDA HALL is a woman of about forty, young-looking, with blonde hair wound in a bun. Her gestures are changeable, her eyes wander anxiously around.

JULIE comes in.

Julie. Frau Pastor, Stormtroop Leader Gerte wants to see you.

Ida Hall.

[Surprised.]

What does he want, Julie?

Julie. He didn't say, Frau Pastor.

Ida Hall.

[Glancing at the clock.]

Quarter past seven and dinner at eight. . . . Did you tell him we are expecting guests?

Julie. He said it was urgent.

Ida Hall. Very well. Show him in.

[JULIE goes towards the door, IDA calls her back.]

And, Julie, tell cook not to oversalt the roast, General Grotjahn is so particular.

Julie. Very well, Frau Pastor.

Ida Hall. Isn't the pastor back yet?

Julie. He went out to visit the Enkels. Their little daughter, the one that went to the labour camp, is going to have a baby.

Ida Hall. You mean Lilly? But she's only fourteen—well, we mustn't concern ourselves with these things. Go and ask the Stormtroop Leader to come in, he doesn't like being kept waiting.

Julie. Frau Pastor, if I might say something . . .

Ida Hall. Well?

Julie. It's about the Herr Pastor. . . .

[*She finds it hard to continue. IDA HALL looks at her for a moment.*]

Ida Hall. No, Julie, not now. You have been very faithful to us for a long time, but I won't allow the servants to discuss the master either with me or behind his back. What Pastor Hall does is no concern of ours. He must obey his own conscience. Now, please hurry.

Julie. But you see, Frau Pastor, it concerns you too.

Ida Hall.

[*Firmly.*]

Julie, please do as I tell you.

Julie.

[Crushed.]

I'm sorry, Frau Pastor.

[She goes. IDA comes into the living-room, closing the folding doors behind her. She tries to draw the lace curtains over the windows of the folding doors, but abandons the attempt. She looks nervously around the room. STORMTROOP LEADER FRITZ GERTE comes in, abruptly closing the door behind him. He is a man of medium height, about thirty-five years old. His small eyes scan the room suspiciously. He is dressed in S.S. uniform.]

Ida Hall. Oh, Fritz, how nice to see you.

Fritz Gerte. Is anyone at home besides you?

Ida Hall. Friedrich is out on parish business and Christine has gone for a walk. Won't you sit down?

Fritz Gerte.

[Going over to look through the windows in the folding doors.]

You're expecting guests, I see.

Ida Hall.

[Ill at ease.]

Only General Grotjahn and his son, Werner.

Fritz Gerte. The table seems very gaily decorated for such an informal gathering.

Ida Hall. Just a few flowers someone sent from the country.

Fritz Gerte. On the contrary, you bought them at Schmidt's this morning at half-past eleven.

PASTOR HALL

Ida Hall. You seem to be very interested in my movements.

Fritz Gerte. At the present moment I am particularly interested, Ida.

Ida Hall. Well, since you know so much, is there any need for me to explain?

Fritz Gerte. I should be interested to hear you try.

Ida Hall. Fritz, you're being very absurd. Is there any harm in my entertaining such old friends as the Grotjahns?

Fritz Gerte. Why did you lie about the flowers?

Ida Hall. I refuse to sit here and be cross-examined by you. If you've something to say, why don't you say it? I presume you didn't come just to insult me.

Fritz Gerte. I came here for an explanation, but since you refuse to tell me yourself I will tell you. I thought I could trust you, Ida. I thought you were really grateful for all I have tried to do for you, but I see I've been made a fool of and I object to it. Why didn't you tell me that Christine was going to marry Werner von Grotjahn?

Ida Hall. Perhaps, because I didn't want to hurt you. I would have told you later.

Fritz Gerte. When are they to be married?

Ida Hall. Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. We are having a little celebration tonight.

Fritz Gerte. Interesting. When were the banns published?

Ida Hall. The registrar arranged that for us. He is an old friend of General Grotjahn's.

Fritz Gerte. Very far-seeing of you, Ida. General Grotjahn has quite a band of monarchist traitors who can be relied on to keep their mouths shut.

Ida Hall. The only reason I tried to keep this from you was because I knew you would be upset about it. Werner and Christine have known each other for some time. A few days ago he got an invitation to go to Columbia University in New York. He has to leave at once. Of course, it's a great honour for him.

Fritz Gerte. A great honour for a German to be invited to an enemy country!

Ida Hall. Hardly that, Fritz. We are not at war with America yet.

Fritz Gerte. And I suppose the loyal pastor would not have cared for his daughter to marry a member of the National Socialist party? He prefers the son of a man who sneers at our attempts to lead Germany back to the position of honour, which he and his monarchist friends lost for her.

Ida Hall. Friedrich knows nothing about your attachment to Christine and in any case he would never attempt to influence her. Now, please, Fritz, try to look at this matter calmly. I know it has been difficult to invite you to this house as often as I would have liked.

Friedrich has been hard to manage these past years and often he says things which are harmful to himself but . . .

Fritz Gerte. I think, Ida, you'd do better to leave your excuses to my imagination; they sound rather hollow to me. You ask me to look at this matter calmly. Would you, if you had worked as I have to keep your husband's blundering, God-fearing sermons from reaching the ears of the authorities in Berlin? For the past two years I have constantly risked my reputation to help you. I have been made the laughing-stock of my comrades, and what have you done for me? When have you made one single attempt to show any gratitude?

Ida Hall. Fritz, please.

Fritz Gerte. Allow me one moment. Perhaps you have forgotten that your husband was an outlaw from society here until I consented to become your protector? Perhaps you have forgotten how I arranged for Christine to present the Leader with a bouquet of flowers and how the Leader was kind enough to kiss her on both cheeks? It certainly looks as if I have been making rather a fool of myself by shielding you and your precious family.

Ida Hall. I have forgotten nothing.

Fritz Gerte. In that case I am overwhelmed by your gratitude.

Ida Hall. Is your sarcasm really necessary?

Fritz Gerte. Like everyone else, I'm only human.

Ida Hall. Does this marriage really mean so much to you?

Fritz Gerte.

[*Quite simply.*]

I love Christine.

[*He walks slowly over to the window. IDA watches him.*]

She's about the only person I ever cared for.

Ida Hall. I couldn't prevent it, Fritz.

Fritz Gerte. I've been in love with her since she was a child.

Ida Hall. Christine isn't a child any longer, Fritz. She's as self-willed as her father.

Fritz Gerte.

[*Breaking out.*]

What does a girl of eighteen know about life? And you stand there and tell me you couldn't prevent the marriage. Haven't I got everything to offer her—an assured future, a respectable position, a nice home? What more could she have?

Ida Hall. A man whom she loves.

Fritz Gerte. And I suppose if her choice falls on a man notorious for his disloyalty, you can still do nothing to prevent the marriage?

Ida Hall. Fritz, please be quiet. The servants will hear you. Werner has never said anything disloyal.

Fritz Gerte. Silence is often more disloyal than words.

Ida Hall. I had no right to interfere.

Fritz Gerte. No right! You're being a little too naïve, my dear Ida. Why not lay your cards on the table?

Ida Hall. I don't understand you.

Fritz Gerte. Oh, yes, you do. When you begged me for my help to save your husband from the consequences of his wretched sermons, when you went down on your knees to me . . .

Ida Hall. You're talking pure nonsense, Fritz. I never did any such thing.

Fritz Gerte. But you promised me your daughter's love.

Ida Hall. No. How could I promise you something outside my power to give? I said if Christine loved you, I would be very happy.

[*Passionately.*]

Oh, Fritz, can't you see that this engagement came as a complete surprise? I had hoped and hoped that she would learn to care for you. Do you think it's pleasant for a mother to see her daughter married into a family that's under suspicion? God knows I've tried hard enough to keep my husband from saying the things he does, so that we could enjoy a little peace. I've begged, implored Christine not to do this, but she hasn't listened.

Fritz Gerte. Naturally, when there's a legacy at stake.

Ida Hall. What do you mean?

Fritz Gerte.

[*Producing a letter from his pocket.*]

This. Do you recognize the writing?

Ida Hall. It's the General's.

Fritz Gerte. Correct. General Grotjahn writes to the executor of a certain restaurant-proprietor in New York by the name of Pegge. Did you know him?

Ida Hall. He was my brother. He died last year.

Fritz Gerte. Interesting. Well, the General writes a harmless letter to the executor. Too harmless for us, my dear Ida. All about the weather and about Lohengrin. But in the middle of this letter there's a little sentence, one little sentence which could break your neck, my dear Ida.

Ida Hall. Arrest me at once, Fritz. Break my neck, only stop playing cat and mouse with me.

Fritz Gerte.

[*Laughing pleasantly.*]

"Could," I said, not "will." Well then, the General asks the executor not to send the inheritance to Germany, but to leave it in America. One ought, he writes, to care for and water the bud of inheritance, so that it may flower, grow and thrive. He thinks us absolutely idiotic. As though we don't understand his stupid way of saying it—with flowers. It's smuggling currency, treason to the country, high treason. . . . The penalty is life-imprisonment, or, if the Court finds dishonourable intent, the death-penalty by the axe.

Ida Hall. What else is there in the letter?

Fritz Gerte. If you want to know the whole of it, your name is not mentioned. But don't triumph too soon, my dear. This Herr Pegge was your brother, you are the heiress, you dictated the letter to the General, you wanted to bring the money into safety, you got Christine off with an American tourist.

Ida Hall. The money doesn't belong to me at all. My brother was mad about Christine. She is the heiress.

Fritz Gerte. So much the worse. For Christine, I mean. You've brought trouble on her as well.

Ida Hall. Then what shall I do?

Fritz Gerte. I'll help you once more, this time as well. You're a German woman, your character is spotlessly clean and you'll be given time to prove it. That's why I tell you now, the marriage is off; give that goose which smells so nice and crisp to the Winter-Relief. The ship will sail, but without Christine.

Ida Hall. And what else?

Fritz Gerte. Keep quiet. Is the American testator safe?

Ida Hall. He is under oath.

Fritz Gerte. Then he'll keep quiet. The matter of the legacy will not be mentioned. Christine can keep the money intact. But this time I'm going to strike a bargain with you. Christine is a minor. Your husband will forbid this marriage tonight. I shall ring you up at eight-fifteen

for your answer. That will give you time to explain matters, when your guests arrive.

Ida Hall. And if I can't do it?

Fritz Gerte. You can puzzle that out for yourself.

Ida Hall. But you can only arrest me. Friedrich and Christine knew nothing about it and you wouldn't dare touch General Grotjahn.

Fritz Gerte. I have all the evidence I need to arrest Pastor Hall, if I was unscrupulous enough to use it.

Ida Hall. What do you mean?

Fritz Gerte. Just concern yourself with your own little problem, Ida, and leave me to look after the rest myself. I'm not a member of the Secret Police for nothing.

Ida Hall. Fritz, you can't leave me in this uncertainty. You've always been a good friend of ours. Your mother was one of Friedrich's most loyal parishioners. . . .

Fritz Gerte.

[*Stopping her.*]

Please, Ida, don't start fooling me again. We've had all this out before. You should have respected my feelings better the last time.

Ida Hall. If it's Friedrich's sermons, they don't do any harm. He takes God's word too literally—he's not really bad.

[*The door opens and PASTOR HALL comes in. A tall man of fifty with an erect carriage. When he speaks his voice is gentle and simple, but not sentimental.*]

Friedrich Hall.

[For a moment he doesn't see GERTE. He goes straight to his desk, looking through the papers on it.]

I'm afraid I'm a little late, my dear. I was delayed with the . . .

[Sees GERTE.]

Oh, I didn't see you, Gerte. How are you?

Fritz Gerte. Heil Hitler! Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. Please don't get up. Did Ida offer you some refreshment? I'm afraid I don't allow cocktails, but we have some schnapps. . . .

Fritz Gerte.

[Interrupting.]

My mission is ended, Herr Pastor. I only came to see your wife.

Friedrich Hall. Oh, perhaps I am in the way.

Fritz Gerte. Not at all, I must be going. You may be interested to hear what she has to say to you. Good night.

[He goes.]

Friedrich Hall. What does that mean?

Ida Hall. Nothing, dear. I'll explain later. Here's your evening cigar. Sit down and rest, you must be tired.

Friedrich Hall. Thank you.

[He has again begun searching through his papers.]

Ida, did you happen to tidy away my mail this morning?

Ida Hall. No, dear.

Friedrich Hall. I've been worrying about it all day. Well, I suppose Julie must have. But it's funny, I left some rather important letters I've been keeping.

Ida Hall.

[*Fearfully.*]

What were they, Friedrich?

Friedrich Hall. Confidential letters from fathers and mothers, with particulars of how our children are being demoralized by the youth movements. I intended issuing a formal complaint. By the way, Ida, what did Gerte want here? I don't very much care to see you entertaining him.

Ida Hall. He came to see me, Friedrich. I didn't send for him.

Friedrich Hall. I see. Of course, I don't mean to appear uncharitable to the fellow but he really cannot be considered a respectable person to come to a clergyman's house. What did he want?

Ida Hall. Friedrich, sit down and try to be patient with me. I'm in terrible trouble.

Friedrich Hall. Well, my dear, I can only try to help you.

Ida Hall. If only you had told me about those letters in your desk. I would have seen to it that no one came near them, but now I see what Gerte meant.

Friedrich Hall. You don't mean to say that you gave him my letters?

Ida Hall. Of course not. I don't know how he has got hold of them, but I am sure he has.

Friedrich Hall. I suppose he stole them, that would really be the simplest way.

Ida Hall. Gerte is not a thief.

Friedrich Hall. According to the new philosophy stealing private papers does not constitute burglary. He'll probably get a medal and his picture will be in all the papers. The new officialdom seems afraid of the confidence which exists between a shepherd and his flock. When trust rests on loyalty and faith it is dangerous to the State. For my own part, I hope he gets some good out of reading them, but I fear for the poor people who write them.

Ida Hall. It's not they who are in danger, but you.

Friedrich Hall. Man did not come into the world to shirk danger, my dear.

Ida Hall. What you preach in the church on Sunday, I have to hush up on Monday. And however much you may dislike that man, you might as well know that it is he who has helped me to do it.

Friedrich Hall. You mean Fritz Gerte?

[IDA nods.]

I suppose you'll tell me next that I owe him my life.

Ida Hall. If he hadn't protected us, we'd all be in a concentration camp by now.

Friedrich Hall. At least there would be no shame in that.

Ida Hall. You're not being fair to him, Friedrich. Don't forget the promises you made his mother on her death-bed.

Friedrich Hall. Frau Gerte was a brave, good woman and I did my utmost to lead her son into the paths of righteousness, but the man is a scoundrel and no one knew it better than his poor mother. He squeezed every penny out of her while she lived; when I got him the job as an apprentice in Samuel Levi's shirt factory he repaid me by idling away his time in various dishonourable pursuits. God knows I persuaded Sam often enough to take him back and all the thanks poor Levi got was to see his business proscribed, his house burnt to the ground and his money appropriated. And now Gerte tells me that Levi can thank his stars he's still alive, living as a beggar in London. If conduct such as his is labelled the "awakened" convictions of national life, I'd sooner live among African cannibals.

Ida Hall. Why should you, as a Christian minister, doubt his convictions? Didn't he join the Party at a time when almost the whole country was against the Leader?

Friedrich Hall. I don't care a scrap for his political convictions. It's his human ones that concern me. And really, Ida, I don't know why you think it necessary to defend him to me in this way.

Ida Hall. Perhaps I would like to see you practise some of the charity you preach.

Friedrich Hall. I do not condemn the man because he is a member of the Party. I have known many young men who joined it through true idealism and who have upheld their faith with courage. Gerte does not belong to such a category. Like too many others he is a National Socialist through fear. Courage depends on being able to feel the logic of your deed. It did not require courage for Gerte to drive women and children into the streets without money or clothing. No, Ida dear, God does not always want us to overlook the faults in our brethren. Sometimes He requires us to condemn injustice and cruelty, and when His voice calls us we must not be afraid to make ourselves His instruments.

Ida Hall. Friedrich, Friedrich, how am I going to make you understand what I have to say, if you continue in this mood!

Friedrich Hall. I shall try to have patience, my dear.

Ida Hall. You think him a cold-hearted bully. But that's not quite true. He has helped us, Friedrich; he has helped you.

Friedrich Hall. I shall try to believe that, too.

Ida Hall. He is in love with Christine. He came here to say that.

Friedrich Hall. Well?

Ida Hall. He thinks we have betrayed his protection by allowing her to marry Werner.

Friedrich Hall. Christine was to be the reward for his

services, is that the story? Does he imagine we barter human souls here?

Ida Hall. He says Christine is too young to know her own mind. He is opposed to the marriage taking place tomorrow.

Friedrich Hall. Gerte may be opposed to the sun's rising tomorrow for all I care. Christine has never made any secret of her dislike of him.

Ida Hall. He has power, Friedrich.

Friedrich Hall. But not enough to prevent the sun from rising or Werner from marrying Christine. I fear your valiant defence of Gerte is collapsing.

Ida Hall. I promised him that I would try to arrange for him to see as much as possible of Christine, but your antagonism has always made that difficult. He found out about Christine's legacy in America.

Friedrich Hall. That doesn't give him any power ~~to~~ threaten us.

Ida Hall. He holds all of us in his hands. You, because you take the Ten Commandments literally. Me, because . . . Friedrich . . .

Friedrich Hall. What's all this about? What have you done except make an irresponsible promise? Don't you realize how degraded and small this morbid fear makes you? Ida, you always used to be courageous; you've changed completely in the last two years.

Ida Hall. I sent instructions to my brother's executor not to send the money to Germany, because the money would be taken away from Christine here and she'd get scarcely half the amount in marks.

Friedrich Hall. That was very foolish of you, and also against the law.

Ida Hall. I didn't do it openly, but illegally.

Friedrich Hall. So much the worse. . . . Didn't anyone help you in the matter?

Ida Hall. The General. He wrote a letter to New York for me. The police are in possession of this letter. I've seen it in the hand of . . .

Friedrich Hall. Fritz Gerte. What have you done, Ida? What, in Heaven's name, does it matter whether Christine is blessed with earthly goods or not? Heaven knows I've fought my whole life long with clean hands. Every Sunday I stand in the pulpit, a voice crying in the wilderness, and I defend the teachings of Christ against the teachings of His opponents. I allow myself to be intimidated neither by their threats nor their promises, yet my own wife stabs me in the back. Now they will have their triumph. Look at Pastor Hall, they'll say, he gives out that he's a Christian and all the time he smuggles currency. Ida, Ida, if only it were I that was going to suffer. But the truth will suffer injury too, because I, an alleged criminal, proclaim it. . . . What had Gerte to say to this?

Ida Hall. Christine is a minor. You are her guardian. You

should refuse to allow her to marry and leave the country tomorrow.

Friedrich Hall. And if I don't do this?

Ida Hall. Then they'll arrest you or me or Christine, or all of us.

Friedrich Hall. This man of honour has made a false calculation.

[*He walks over to the writing-desk, takes a letter out of it, sits down and begins to write.*]

Ida Hall. To whom are you writing?

Friedrich Hall. To your brother's executor. I forbid him to take instructions from anyone but me. He is to send the inheritance immediately, and by legal means, to Germany.

Ida Hall. Then you're making everything still worse. Gerte won't allow that. He's quite agreed that the money stays in America; what he objects to is Christine marrying Werner.

Friedrich Hall. Now I understand. The honourable Storm-troop Leader is provident. And I've got to become his companion in pushing, creeping and betraying. . . .

Ida Hall. But there's no other way. Do you want to throw us all into prison? We need only delay the marriage for a few years, until Christine is old enough to decide for herself. Friedrich, I can't endure the shame of it. At least have pity on me.

Friedrich Hall. No, Ida, here human consideration ends—

even to you, my wife. I cannot betray the principles of humanity because some fanatic, gorged with power, tries to blackmail me.

Ida Hall. But at least think of Christine. Her life will be ruined too.

Friedrich Hall. Gerte is not such a fool as to arrest Christine. If he did that he'd lose both the heiress and the money. Nor will he arrest you. It would look awkward if both the parents of his intended bride were in jail. If God is willing I shall be chosen.

Ida Hall. But how can that help any of us?

Friedrich Hall. This is no longer a squabble around some petty intrigue. Personalities fade away. You and I and all of us are no longer players in a cheap melodrama—we have become symbols of something bigger and better. The word of God stands naked before intolerance, injustice and hatred. It is the test, Ida, that I knew was coming to me. The fight will begin, I shall not cry: O Lord, why hast Thou chosen me . . .

Ida Hall. No, you won't cry, but what about us? That doesn't concern you, does it? Friedrich, how can you be such an egoist? When you volunteered in the war, although there was no need for a Pastor to do so. When you nearly broke my heart with anxiety, you only thought of yourself and your work. When you came back wounded and said you had erred and that from now on you would preach the gospel of pacifism and soften the hearts of humanity, you had no thought of what I and the child might have to suffer, how we were

hated and reviled by all around us. During these last years you have never even considered to what hell you might be leaving your child and your wife—only yourself, yourself, yourself. If that's Christianity, I'd rather be a pagan.

Friedrich Hall.

[*After a pause.*]

Perhaps you're right, Ida. I think too much of myself and my soul's salvation. I sometimes ask myself whether a man who seeks the truth and wishes to discover nothing but the truth has the right to marry and have children. Perhaps that is my greatest fault.

Ida Hall. I didn't mean to be unkind, Friedrich. Forgive me.

Friedrich Hall. Of course, dear. You do well to remind me of my duty to you.

Ida Hall. Why don't you at least ask Christine and allow her to decide?

Friedrich Hall. I'll do that.

[*JULIE comes in.*]

Julie. The shoemaker, Traugott Pipermann, would like a word with you, Herr Pastor. He says he won't delay you more than a few minutes.

Friedrich Hall. Very well, ask him to come in.

[*JULIE goes.*]

Ida Hall. I don't think I could stand Pipermann at the moment. Don't let him keep you too long, dear.

Friedrich Hall. I'll do my best. It's never very easy to get rid of Pipermann or to discover what he has come to say for that matter.

Ida Hall. I'll just go and see how dinner is getting along.

[IDA HALL goes out, rear. TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN comes in, an elderly man whose leanness gives the impression of wrinkledness and dryness. He has a small goat's beard, which covers his receding chin. He wears nickel spectacles with blue glasses on his pointed nose. He has the habit of taking off his spectacles and putting them on again. When he takes them off, one sees small, restless eyes, which he keeps lowered when he speaks. The small mouth is drooping and, when he is not speaking, rounded like the head of a nail. He is wearing a second-hand, old-fashioned suit with a waistcoat buttoned up to the neck.]

Friedrich Hall.

[Shakes PIPERMANN's hand.]

Well, my dear Pipermann, to what do I owe the honour of this visit?

Traugott Pipermann. Although it's no honour for you, Herr Pastor, yet it's a pleasure for me to see you in good health.

Friedrich Hall. Sit down. What can I offer you? A schnapps?

[TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN and FRIEDRICH HALL sit down.]

Traugott Pipermann. Although it's no sin, and the Holy Scriptures forbid only debauchery, yet I prefer to renounce alcohol too.

Friedrich Hall. Of course, of course, fancy my not thinking of it! You're a teetotaller.

Traugott Pipermann. Your question took me aback, Herr Pastor, because the Innkeeper Henke also wanted to tempt me when I was collecting the church dues from him, and the Innkeeper Henke is badly disposed towards me, that is, badly disposed towards you, I meant to say, Herr Pastor, yet I believe you when you say you did it out of absentmindedness.

Friedrich Hall. My dear Pipermann, Herr Henke likes to play a practical joke now and then.

Traugott Pipermann. The devil comes among us in many forms, Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. As you rightly observe, Pipermann, the devil comes among us in many forms. And now what exactly have you come here for?

Traugott Pipermann. Although as a skilled shoemaker I know how to distinguish a sole made of the best leather from one made of the bits that are left over, Herr Pastor, yet I think that if I had no other choice, and couldn't get the best leather sole, I'd resort to one made of the bits that are left over and rely on the good God for it to stand the wear and tear.

Friedrich Hall. Naturally.

Traugott Pipermann.

[*Rubbing his hands together.*]

I'm delighted, Herr Pastor, I can't tell you how glad I am.

[FRIEDRICH HALL doesn't follow, but since he knows him and his circumlocutory prologues when he has some proposition to make, for which he only has half the necessary courage, he becomes attentive.]

Although I believe myself, in all humility, to be a good Christian, and the seventh day is a veritable day of God to me, and I'd sooner eat dry bread than hand round beer and schnapps of a Sunday, yet we all owe obedience to the State, and I have to protect myself against the rain with a mackintosh and goloshes, otherwise I get wet, and when facts are against us we can't always be running against the facts, yet, before it's too late, we have to seal our lips and hold the Word in our hearts. God will see it there, even if we don't show it to the world, which dwells in sin and goes along crooked paths. Otherwise, our deeds can easily be interpreted as pride and arrogance, and where pride has entry, there the Tempter becomes a guest.

Friedrich Hall. We talk in parables, Pipermann, but it would be as well to understand each other. You have come here to deliver a message—if I may try to interpret that message it is this. You would have me abandon my work here, lest we incur the anger of certain gentlemen, who object to hearing the truth. We must not hide our light under a bushel, my dear Pipermann. That also is a parable. Stop me if I misinterpret you.

Traugott Pipermann. Although I do not want to contradict

your great learning, dear Pastor, yet I would not wish others to interpret my words in such a way.

Friedrich Hall. Be that as it may. And now am I to understand you are speaking as a private individual or with a mandate from the parish, that's to say, as Churchwarden?

Traugott Pipermann. Although I'm talking as a humble, private individual, yet a great many members of the parish think as I do, even the Innkeeper Henke, in whose favour, may God have mercy on him, it would be difficult for me to find anything else to say. Everyone agrees things can't go on like this, something is bound to happen.

Friedrich Hall. Things can't go on like what? What's bound to happen?

Traugott Pipermann. The State assistance will be withdrawn from us, and the church roof is dilapidated and in danger of falling in, if we don't re-sole, repair it, I meant to say, and also they'll stop the stipendiary of the parish, people—especially Innkeeper Henke—are saying, and the Nazis even threaten to boycott our businesses, yet threats and persecution shouldn't disturb us. The Pharisees didn't spare our Lord even from death on the Cross, only I mean to say, we ought . . . we ought . . .

[*He stutters and, confused, doesn't know how to finish.*]

Friedrich Hall.

[*Without relenting leaves him for some seconds in his confusion.*]

You mean to say that first of all we should think of the

church roof, and only then of the church's foundations. When a customer comes to you and entrusts you with the task of making a pair of shoes, you take his measure, as I know from my own experience, conscientiously, and you provide him with shoes which don't pinch and cause him to have corns, shoes which fit well and suit his feet. How the shoes are embellished, whether with a row of perforated holes or with flat toes, you think, quite rightly, is of secondary importance. What's the use of an elegant, fashionable shoe, if the customer can't walk and groans with pain? Do you follow me? The church roof is a sign of respect, but first of all come the foundations. That is something which I will discuss with no one, except my own conscience. If a customer is dissatisfied with you, he goes to another shoemaker. I'll raise the matter at the next sitting of the parish council and put it to a vote of confidence.

Traugott Pipermann. In Heaven's name, Herr Pastor. Although I underlined the fact that I came here as a private individual, and had only your own good in view, yet you've misunderstood me. Not many folk in the parish would come to you as a genuine friend, or follow you through thick and thin when the worst comes to the worst. Although that's another question, concerning which I wouldn't allow myself to offer an opinion.

Friedrich Hall. I thank you, I thank you, my dear Pipermann, I know how to value your friendship. A weight has fallen from my heart. I need the trust of the parish; at this very moment I need it more than ever before.

Traugott Pipermann. You can count on me, Herr Pastor,

although there are many things I'd like to talk over with you, things of a worldly nature—it seems that the son of the Shopkeeper Wrede has ensnared the barmaid of the Innkeeper Henke and has even tried to force himself into her bedroom at night—yet my time is measured and perhaps yours is also . . .

[TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN *ought to stand up at this point, yet he waits for FRIEDRICH HALL to invite him to stay, so for that reason he doesn't get out of his chair.*]

Friedrich Hall.

[*Stands up, thus compelling TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN to get up as well.*]

Unfortunately, my dear Pipermann. We'll meet again very soon, I hope, then we'll talk over the worldly matters. Not as Pharisees, like those scandalmongers, who are as insufferable to you as they are to me, but with one serene and with one damp eye, as is seemly for men who know life as it is.

[TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN *takes his leave, flattered, and goes out of the room with a great deal of bowing.*]

Ouff!

[*He goes to the window and opens it. Presently IDA HALL comes in from the rear door.*]

Ida Hall. Has he gone?

Friedrich Hall. At last.

Ida Hall. What did he want this time?

Friedrich Hall. Parish affairs. He thinks we won't get a new roof for the church unless we adopt a more humble attitude toward the State.

Ida Hall. Why doesn't he start a fund for its repair? He's rich enough.

[*A knock.*]

Friedrich Hall. Come in, Traugott Pipermann.

[*PIPERMANN comes back.*]

Traugott Pipermann. Excuse me, Herr Pastor. Although I had already gone, yet I forgot my spectacles.

Friedrich Hall. Your spectacles? Here you are.

[*Hands them to him.*]

Traugott Pipermann. A thousand thanks.

[*Puts them on.*]

Gnaedige Frau Pastor, my humblest respects.

[*He bows himself out backwards.*]

I apologize for interrupting your honourable discourse.

Ida Hall. What he doesn't see behind those blue spectacles of his, isn't worth recording. No girl is safe from his shameless glances.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Smiling.*]

You mustn't take him so seriously, Ida. "Although" his glances are shameless, "yet" his heart is bashful and no one can accuse him of a "worldly" deed.

[*JULIE comes in.*]

Julie. Herr General von Grotjahn.

[*To IDA HALL.*]

Didn't you want to dress, Frau Pastor?

[*JULIE goes out.*]

[Enter GENERAL PAUL VON GROTJAHN in black frock-coat and striped trousers, a monocle in his eye. He is about sixty years old, rather round and comfortable.]

Paul von Grotjahn.

[He goes across to IDA HALL and kisses her hand.]

My dear Ida, you look as if it were you who was the bride.

[Shakes FRIEDRICH HALL by the hand.]

She's radiant as a rose in May, isn't she, my dear Friedrich?

"'Twas in the wondrous month of May
When all the buds did spring,
That in my heart
Love first began to sing."

Poet unknown, as the new saying goes.

Friedrich Hall. Wrong, Paul. The poem is by Goethe, not Heine.

Paul von Grotjahn. Goethe wasn't quite house-trained either, you know. First place he was a Freemason, and second too much of a cosmopolitan.

Friedrich Hall. Will you have a schnapps?

Paul von Grotjahn. Did you ever know me to refuse? Ah! Your daughter's marrying the son of an old drunkard. Here's luck! Bad habit, Ida, bad habit. Still the regiment, you know, everyone does.

Ida Hall. Well, you've had a gay life, Paul.

Paul von Grotjahn. Damn it, you're right, Ida, you're

right. One of the old brigade. Damn few of us left. Can't gag my mouth though, just like to see them try. But I'm quite harmless really, except of course in nineteen-eighteen, before Verdun. Colonel von Grotjahn, then, I remember as well as I remember yesterday. . . .

Ida Hall. If you won't think me very rude, Paul, I must go and change.

Paul von Grotjahn. Want to make yourself still more beautiful, eh?

Ida Hall. I've been helping cook with the dinner.

[*She goes.*]

Friedrich Hall. Help yourself to another schnapps, Paul. I have something to say to you.

Paul von Grotjahn. Never say no. Damn it, what was I saying? Oh, yes, before Verdun. Of course, you weren't there, didn't agree with the war, what? Pacifist, weren't you. Damned silly business. Shouldn't have done that, old fellow.

Friedrich Hall. I saw enough of it to persuade me it was wrong.

Paul von Grotjahn. Must do something to make men of us. Here's health!

Friedrich Hall. Paul, I want to have a few words with you about this marriage.

Paul von Grotjahn. Too ceremonious, Friedrich. Say things bluntly—that's the soldier's way. Remember as

well as I remember yesterday when I was a red-nosed Cadet. Colour-sergeant Siebenklotz said to me, Grotjahn, you believe in the stork? At your service, no, I said. Then forward, on top of the enemy, says he, and gives me the address of a first-class Venus. First one I had, nice little piece. Short in the leg you know, couldn't sit a horse. Siebenklotz, a fine fellow, killed next year.

Friedrich Hall.

[Smiling reproachfully.]

Paul!

Paul von Grotjahn. Stupid of me. Forgot. . . . Clergymen, of course, don't like talking about it.

Friedrich Hall. You wrote a letter to my brother-in-law's executor telling him not to send Christine's inheritance over to Germany.

Paul von Grotjahn. 'That comes of doing anything for women. Can't keep their mouths shut.

Friedrich Hall. Do you realize that it's against the law?

Paul von Grotjahn. Too many laws. Anyway, I'm not having laws dictated to me by an ex-corporal. Bad discipline.

Friedrich Hall. It isn't any business of ours to pass judgment on the merits or demerits of the laws.

Paul von Grotjahn. Obey and keep our mouths shut, eh? That would suit the fellows pretty well. Then they'd have us just where they want us. But we haven't sunk as low as that not by a long chalk. You should try listen-

ing to what the people say on the street. They knuckle under, but they know exactly what's up. Today I was at the newspaper stall, turning over the papers. The shopkeeper has put the *Voelkischer Beobachter* on top to let everyone know he is a Nazi. Said he, Herr General, why do you take so long choosing, they're twelve to the dozen, the lies are printed in black and the truths in white so that no one can read them.

Friedrich Hall. The letter which you wrote to the American lawyer is now in the hands of the Secret Police.

Paul von Grotjahn. Damn it all! Then I'm in a pickle already.

Friedrich Hall. Does it all still seem a joke to you?

Paul von Grotjahn. What can they prove against me? I'll talk my way out of it. Friends at the Ministry, you know.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, but I happen to be a nuisance to them. Now, at last they have found a weapon to destroy me.

Paul von Grotjahn. Friedrich, I'm a fool . . . I'm an old ass. . . . Should have thought of that before. What'll happen now?

Friedrich Hall. It's not your fault, Paul. I don't blame you.

Paul von Grotjahn. Damned sorry, old fellow. Anything I can do. . . .

[Enter CHRISTINE HALL and WERNER VON GROTJAHN.

CHRISTINE HALL is eighteen years old, pretty face, gentle ways, a gay manner. WERNER VON GROTJAHN is stiff in walking, dry, but not lacking in temperament; twenty-six years old.]

[To CHRISTINE HALL.]

Don't I get a kiss, my lovely little daughter?

[CHRISTINE HALL kisses PAUL VON GROTJAHN.]

Where have you two come from?

Werner von Grotjahn. Straight from the airport. We've been booking the seats.

Christine Hall. The plane leaves at twelve and we'll be in London at four. Won't be much time for the wedding breakfast.

Werner von Grotjahn. Unless we ask your father to cut the service down.

Paul von Grotjahn. Good idea. Don't like too much pow-wow from the pulpit. Sorry, Friedrich, nothing personal.

Friedrich Hall. Certainly, Paul, you never were much of a hand at hearing other people talk. Now, if you will excuse me a minute I'll tell Ida we're all here.

Paul von Grotjahn. Too much family, what?

[FRIEDRICH HALL goes.]

Didn't you drop into town on the way back?

Christine Hall. Yes, we stopped at Waag's for coffee, the last time we'll go there for years. Werner and I had a bit of a quarrel.

Paul von Grotjahn. Good sign. Always quarrel on your wedding eve. Brings luck. What was the row about?

Werner von Grotjahn. Christine wanted to know what I thought a man ought to do if he knew the sun would grow cold tomorrow.

Paul von Grotjahn. Get drunk, of course.

Christine Hall. I said he should be very nice to his wife, but Werner said that as an astronomer he would have to note down what was happening on the earth as long as he could for the benefit of any future forms of life.

Paul von Grotjahn. Comes of meddling with stars. Damn silly subject. Always told his mother he ought to go in the army.

Werner von Grotjahn. Anyway, we made it up, didn't we, Christine?

Christine Hall. Yes. Look what a lovely bracelet Werner bought me.

[Shows it to PAUL VON GROTJAHN.]

Paul von Grotjahn. Been bribing you, eh?

Christine Hall. I like being bribed. Werner, when we're married, you must still go shopping with me and buy me presents, but you mustn't say we're married.

Werner von Grotjahn. What am I to say?

Christine Hall. What did you say, papa?

Paul von Grotjahn. Me? Don't remember.

Christine Hall. Yes, you do. You said your wife was your unmarried cousin and that you had to pay for her because she couldn't get a husband.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Laughing.*]

Cute little minx! I believe I did. All the same I was damned faithful. A paragon of fidelity. The most faithful man on God's earth.

Christine Hall. I don't believe you.

[*FRIEDRICH HALL and IDA HALL come in. IDA has changed into evening dress.*]

Mother, darling, you ought to have heard the General lying. He says he was a paragon of virtue.

Ida Hall.

[*Not heeding her.*]

Yes, dear.

Christine Hall.

[*Noticing her mother's preoccupation.*]

What's the matter? You both look so serious.

Friedrich Hall. Christine, darling, before we go in to supper I have something to say to you. It concerns you all.

Werner von Grotjahn.

[*Moving to CHRISTINE HALL.*]

Has something happened?

Friedrich Hall. We must try to be calm and serious. I have been told to forbid your marriage.

Werner von Grotjahn. On what grounds? Who demanded that?

Ida Hall.

[*Unable to control her agitation.*]

Werner, my dear, it's Stormtroop Leader Gerte. He doesn't want Christine to go away. He——

[*She can't finish.*]

Werner von Grotjahn. He wants her himself, is that the story?

Ida Hall. He doesn't want her to marry you.

Werner von Grotjahn. But he can't stop it. What have I done? What has he against me?

Paul von Grotjahn. That you use a civilized form of greeting instead of extending your arm like a crane and yelling, "Heil Hitler."

Christine Hall. But, mother, they can't do this, they can't. I love Werner. We're going to be married. Papa, you won't do it will you? Will you?

[*She goes to FRIEDRICH HALL and buries her head against his chest.*]

Friedrich Hall. I want to do the best for us all, my treasure.

Werner von Grotjahn. But this is fantastic. I've never spoken a word against the Leader.

Paul von Grotjahn. Probably, it's because you're your

father's son. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children . . . can't remember the rest of it. Anyhow, that's the only thing they've learnt from the Jews.

Werner von Grotjahn. But, Pastor Hall, you're not going to forbid our marriage now? You're not really thinking of it, are you?

Ida Hall. He must, Werner. Don't you see what will . . .

Friedrich Hall.

[*Interrupting her.*]

One moment, Ida. Werner and Christine, are you prepared to accept all consequences of this marriage?

Werner von Grotjahn. But they can't touch us, can they? And even if they do, I'll risk it. What do you say, Christine?

Christine Hall. I don't care what happens to me. I won't fall into the hands of Fritz Gerte. I couldn't bear that.

Werner von Grotjahn. Even if we are never allowed to come back to Germany, even that would be better.

Ida Hall. No, no, it's not that. It's not you who will suffer, it's . . .

Friedrich Hall.

[*Firmly.*]

Quiet, Ida.

Christine Hall.

[*Suddenly realizing.*]

You mean, it's you. They'll arrest you. . . .

[*Pause.*]

Papa, darling, they won't arrest you, will they?

Friedrich Hall.

[*His eyes fixed on IDA, implying her silence.*]

No.

Werner von Grotjahn. Then we'll run the risk, won't we, Christine? I know it's hard on you two and father. But we'll be safe and happy in America. I've so much to look forward to there.

Christine Hall. And we'll write to you often and you'll all come over and see us one day.

Friedrich Hall. You'll be happy. Now, let us go and eat our supper. Come, Ida, you lead the way.

Christine Hall. And we'll all be cheerful and happy as if nothing were going to happen.

Friedrich Hall. Just as if nothing were going to happen. Go on, dear.

[*IDA, CHRISTINE and WERNER open the folding doors and go into the dining-room. PAUL VON GROTJAHN goes to FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

Paul von Grotjahn. Brave fellow, Friedrich. Couldn't have been much of a pacifist about you in the war.

Friedrich Hall. Come along.

[*FRIEDRICH HALL and PAUL VON GROTJAHN follow the others. All stay standing before their places.*]

Our Father, that art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. For ever and ever. Amen.

All. Amen.

[IDA HALL signs to them to sit. JULIE brings in the roast beef.
PASTOR HALL stands up to carve.]

Paul von Grotjahn. Ah, roast beef, nothing like it, unless it's bully-beef. Had too much of that in the army, never been the same since.

Christine Hall. What did it do to you, Papa?

Paul von Grotjahn. Rumbles, my dear, rumbles.

Werner von Grotjahn. Father!

Friedrich Hall. No, Werner, we'll allow Paul to say exactly what he likes tonight. We won't be shocked.

Paul von Grotjahn. Then you'll not get a whistle out of me. Prim as a Puritan. Where's the use, if no one is shocked?

Werner von Grotjahn. You're not eating anything, Frau Hall.

Ida Hall.

[*Rousing herself.*]

I? Oh, it's just that I was disappointed no one has noticed my flowers, and I ordered them specially.

Werner von Grotjahn. They're wonderful.

Paul von Grotjahn. Wonderful! Takes a woman to think of everything. . . . Would you mind passing the salt, Friedrich?

Ida Hall. Isn't the beef salt enough, Paul? I took such care not to overdo it. I remembered your complaint last time.

Christine Hall. He wants his bully-beef after all. Rumbles, I think I'll call you that in future.

Paul von Grotjahn. Well, talking of internal complaints, are you afraid of air-sickness tomorrow?

Christine Hall. Not in the least.

Ida Hall. My knees begin to tremble even on a river steamer.

Werner von Grotjahn. We'll telegraph as soon as we land in New York, won't we, Christine?

Christine Hall. It's going to be heavenly, five days of nothing but water and wind and clouds.

Friedrich Hall. Christine, what will you miss most in our old house? The old beech in the garden?

Christine Hall. Yes, that certainly.

Friedrich Hall. Do you still remember how when you were a child you used to climb to the top and hide yourself in the leaves?

Ida Hall. She wouldn't come down. One day, Friedrich asked her: What do you see when you're up there?

Paul von Grotjahn. And what did she see?

Friedrich Hall. God playing hide and seek with the clouds . . . 'But you haven't yet told me what you'll miss most of all?

Christine Hall. Our old musical clock.

Friedrich Hall. I had it from my father, and he inherited it from his father.

Christine Hall. It's so old now that it plays only when it wants to. It stops suddenly and then, after a while, begins to play again.

[*The telephone rings.*]

[*IDA HALL jumps up.*]

Julie. I'll go and answer it.

[*JULIE goes out.*]

Ida Hall. If it's for me, call me at once.

Friedrich Hall. Who'd ring up so late, Ida?

Ida Hall. How late is it?

Werner von Grotjahn. Exactly half-past eight.

[*IDA HALL sighs.*]

Aren't you well, Mamma?

Ida Hall. I'm as fit as a fiddle.

Paul von Grotjahn. Of course, a young woman like you !

Ida Hall. I don't make any claim to be young any longer, at any rate not after today . . . The mother of a married daughter.

[*JULIE comes in.*]

Julie. It was the travel bureau. The car from the airport will be here punctually at eleven o'clock.

Paul von Grotjahn. What does the musical clock play . . . when it plays, that is?

Christine Hall.

"The God who planted iron here
Willed that no one should slave be."

Paul von Grotjahn. Damned good! A musical clock that plays high treason!

Christine Hall. During the last few years, Mother hasn't let us turn it on, on account of the servants.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Quickly, coming to the protection of his wife.*]

It grates and groans so pitifully when it's in a sulky mood, that it's really no pleasure to play it any longer.

Christine Hall. May I wind it up today, who knows when I'll hear it again?

Friedrich Hall. Of course you may.

[*CHRISTINE HALL stands up, goes to the musical clock and winds it up. It gives out a grating and groaning. Then silence.*]

You see what it's like.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Laughing.*]

Even the musical clock is afraid of being denounced. It refuses to sing a song in which the word "freedom" occurs.

Friedrich Hall. Our rulers speak also of freedom. One has to invent new ideas, the dictators have stolen the old ones and brought them within their own sense.

Werner von Grotjahn. Today I am free because others are afraid of me.

Friedrich Hall. That's it. Freedom means making the other nations afraid of us.

Christine Hall. Oh, do stop talking about politics. Is there nothing more beautiful than stupid politics? You're always wrangling over words and each of you means something different. I don't know any longer what you all mean.

Werner von Grotjahn.

[*Pedantic.*]

Words exist in order that people may understand one another.

Christine Hall. My feelings tell me what's good and what's bad.

Werner von Grotjahn. Feelings too can be reckoned. One can add them and subtract them and reduce them to a common denominator.

Christine Hall.

[*Laughing.*]

Don't make a mistake in your reckonings, Werner.

[*JULIE brings in the dessert.*]

Ida Hall. Julie, the champagne.

[*JULIE brings the champagne, pours it out. The musical clock suddenly begins to play. While it is playing, PAUL VON GROTJAHN speaks the words, with pathos.*]

THE SONG

The God who planted iron here
Willed that no one should slave be.
Thus, to man, sabre, sword and spear,
To guard his just claims gave he.
Thus gave him too the fearless mood,
The wrath of his free utterance,
So to uphold with his last blood,
And till his death, defiance.

And so we will what God has willed,
To hold our trust with loyalty,
And never let men's skulls be spilled
To pay a tyrant fealty.
But him who fights for shame and sport
We hack up bit from bit,
For he in German lands shall not
With German men inherit.

Friedrich Hall. This glass, my dear Julie, is for you and you must be with us when we drink to the health and happiness of the young couple.

Julie.

[*Confused.*]

Oh, Herr Pastor . . .

Friedrich Hall. Who has more right than you, my dear Julie, who have faithfully served in our house for nineteen years, to be with us in this festive hour. Please sit down with us.

[JULIE looks uncomprehendingly for a moment at the Pastor, then gulps and runs out quickly.]

Ida Hall. Let her go. She's very upset at Christine's going away.

Christine Hall. Poor Julie. I shall miss her.

Friedrich Hall.

[Rising.]

And now, Christine, I'm going to make a little speech in your honour. Perhaps both you and Werner will forgive me if I seem to be a little bit of the clergyman as well. But it's the last sermon you'll hear. After Paul's remarks about pulpit oratory, I've decided to cut the sermon out of our little marriage service tomorrow.

Paul von Grotjahn. Didn't mean it, Friedrich, old man. Stick in the sermon again. Good discipline to try and stop ourselves from going to sleep.

Friedrich Hall. No, we'll have the sermon with the dinner and if you don't like it you can bury your heads in your plates. My dear children, I want above all things that you should be happy. I pray God to give you His wisdom and teach you to love each other always. I will try to give you my own answer to the question of how you may mutually love and understand one another. I know that people don't ask this question any

longer, in fact they ask no more questions. Questions are not suited to these times. But we, however, want to ask questions because all earthly things are questionable, because questioning is becoming conscious of oneself, and it clarifies and strengthens: this necessity we recognize as a command which we voluntarily submit to, we test the convention by its worth to us and our time. We need strength for the question and courage for the answer. Many are those who shirk the question, many those who break the answer to pieces . . . Two human beings who love each other, are a world, not hatred nor calumny nor power can shake them, moreover no temptation, no mood, no wrong path of emotion, can darken their lives. True marriage is joy and fulfilment given as a task and as a present. Does this mean fleeing from responsibility, from the duties and burdens of the time, shutting the doors and hanging curtains over the windows against what is outside? No. It means: living in the Brotherhood of God, in which all men are equal, and all needing love and salvation; showing faith, honesty and an open heart; inspiring confidence and being worthy of confidence; and rejoicing in the meadows and shadows of the clouds, the animals and flowers, and the light of day. We drink to your health, dear daughter, dear son.

[At the beginning of this speech, the telephone has begun to ring, shortly at first, then long and angrily. At the first tinkle IDA HALL would like to jump up and go outside. When FRIEDRICH HALL looks searchingly at her, she sits down again. When the telephone rings again she stiffens, her eyes are unblinking. FRIEDRICH HALL raises his glass. All stand up and drink. At this moment

the musical clock begins to play. Heavy knocks on the door outside. The door is forced open. Two OFFICERS OF THE GESTAPO in uniform come in. One of them levels a revolver at the company. Another, with handcuffs in his hand, remains standing at the door of the dining-room and looks around as if searching for someone.]

1st Officer. Which of you is the Pastor Friedrich Hall?

[FRIEDRICH HALL pushes his chair away and slowly approaches him.]

By order of the Secret Police!

Friedrich Hall. May God be praised.

1st Officer. You'll soon drop your high and mighty ways!

Friedrich Hall. Amen.

[They lead the Pastor out. Nobody at the supper-table moves. They stand there frozen by the shock. The musical clock goes on playing and then slowly runs down, ending with a wheezing grunt. JULIE runs in, throwing herself on her knees before IDA HALL.]

Julie. Blessèd Jesus, what have I done. . . . He said my hair would be cut off like the girls who've walked out with Jews, if I didn't tell him where the letters were. . . . Spit on me, Frau Pastor, I can't bear it any longer. I'll throw myself in the river.

Ida Hall. It's all right, Julie. You'll stay here with us, just as before.

CURTAIN

PASTOR HALL

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

SCENE: *Two weeks later.*

Concentration Camp.

The central square of the Concentration Camp. Around the sides there is a suggestion of the barrack buildings. At the back stands the central gate of the prison camp above which is a machine-gun tower with the threatening machine-gun in a roofed-in room. Right and left of the gate is a high wooden fence with barbed wire. Behind this sentries are seen marching past.

In the centre of the square a small group of prisoners standing in two lines. These are Barrack Seven. They stand to attention. The prisoners' heads are drooped. They wear grey-flecked drill-trousers and drill-jackets, caps without peaks and heavy laced boots; on their chests and backs, prison signs. Political prisoners wear long, red rectangular stripes sewn on the left side of the chest and on the back of the jacket. Ordinary criminals wear green bands on the lower sleeve and trousers. Jews are identified by corresponding green bands over which a yellow circle of cotton, covering the stripes, is sewn. Emigrants wear similar cotton circles of a blue colour.

EGON FREUNDLICH, foreman of Barrack Seven, stands in front of his squad. He is a powerfully built man.

Egon Freundlich. Barrack Seven. . . . Right dress!

[FREUNDLICH goes to one end of the first line.]

[The Prisoners have now turned their eyes to the right and shuffle into position. Another prisoner in the right of the second rank has stepped to a position parallel with FREUNDLICH and proceeds to dress the rear rank.]

Egon Freundlich. Number two, pull your belly in. . . .
Number five, half a pace to your rear

[*This latter order is delivered to FRIEDRICH HALL, who makes no attempt to obey.*]

Hey, there, number five, wake up!

[*Still FRIEDRICH HALL remains motionless. EGON FREUNDLICH walks over to him.*]

Here, you, are you deaf?

[*He pushes FRIEDRICH HALL back.*]

Friedrich Hall. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were addressing me.

Egon Freundlich. Well, you know now. Perhaps you'll be so kind as to draw back your right shoulder and place your hand along the seam of your trousers. We don't stand for any individualism here, you know.

August Karsch.

[*A largely-built fellow with the hands of a labourer.*]

Here, Freundlich, put him in the rear rank. He'll spoil the whole damned squad.

Egon Freundlich. Shut your dirty mug!

August Karsch. I don't want to be kept here all night, and that's what'll happen if the Commandant comes along and sees any mix-up.

Egon Freundlich. Were you put in charge of this squad or was I? Supposing you wait till someone asks you to speak.

[*He goes to the front of his squad and addresses them.*]

Barrack Seven. . . . Eyes front! . . . By the right—
Number!

[The prisoners number from right to left, the rear rank following on after the front rank have finished.]

A Prisoner.

[At the end of the rear rank.]

Twelve. . . . Squad complete, Foreman.

Egon Freundlich. Stand at ease! . . . Stand easy!

[The prisoners relax slightly.]

New arrivals, come over here.

[He takes notebook and pencil from his pocket.]

[FRIEDRICH HALL and a second prisoner, ERWIN KOHN, step up to EGON FREUNDLICH. KOHN is a young man of about nineteen. He is pale and nervous.]

[To KOHN.]

What's your name?

Erwin Kohn. Erwin Kohn, sir.

Egon Freundlich.

[Spelling it out.]

C-O-H-N. A beautiful and rare name.

[The prisoners laugh.]

Erwin Kohn. I spell it with a K, sir. I've been baptized.
I mean I'm a Christian.

Egon Freundlich. One of the nobility, eh? Emigrant, aren't you?

Erwin Kohn. Yes, sir.

Egon Freundlich. Why were you such a damned fool to come back to Germany? Didn't the Paris ladies in their undies please you?

Erwin Kohn. I've never been involved in politics.

Egon Freundlich. Well, what's that got to do with it? You can't get away with a name like yours, you know.

Erwin Kohn. I didn't like France. I've never been out of Germany before.

Egon Freundlich. Someone ought to have put a bullet in your home-sick heart in the first place. The bloody idiot goes and comes back to the fatherland, where he knows nobody wants him. What did you think would happen to you?

Erwin Kohn. That I'd be allowed to live.

Egon Freundlich. Lucky for you if they allow you to die. . . . A living witness of Jewish cowardice, is that what you'd like to be? Christ Almighty, the little sucker is beginning to cry.

Erwin Kohn. I'm not crying. I'm laughing.

Egon Freundlich. Before long you'll have laughed yourself to death. What's your profession?

Erwin Kohn. Painter.

Egon Freundlich. House painter?

Erwin Kohn. No. I was studying in Paris to be an artist.
I paint heads.

Egon Freundlich. Heads will roll, Adolf Hitler said. He's quite right too—but they roll into coffins, not picture-frames. Rejoin the ranks.

[ERWIN KOHN *steps back into line.*]

August Karsch. Christ, I feel bloody hungry too. Hurry up, Freundlich, with these damned names.

Egon Freundlich. Shut up or I'll keep you here all night.

[*To FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

What's your name?

Friedrich Hall. Friedrich Hall.

Egon Freundlich. Profession?

Friedrich Hall. Pastor.

Egon Freundlich. You'll soon get out of that here. You've been up to tricks with your parish flock, eh?

[FRIEDRICH HALL *remains silent.*]

You expect me to handle you with kid gloves, because you got a degree at a university, and with politeness, because you know the Lord's Prayer by heart. But there isn't any calling on Jesus and the Apostles here. Praying, telling fortunes by cards and tea-leaves are all right for toothless old women, but not for men schooled to National Socialism. You watch your step. Whoever

quotes a word from the Bible here, openly or in secret, receives twenty-five lashes, like Herder. Fall in.

[Looks round impatiently.]

Where the hell has that new camp commandant gone to?

[He walks to one side and fills in the entries of the new prisoners in his notebook.]

August Karsch. He's a bit scared of the new commandant.

Hermann Stetler.

[A fat merchant.]

Why? He can't be any worse than the last.

August Karsch. Afraid he'll lose his job. The old commandant only appointed criminals as foremen.

Hermann Stetler. Well?

August Karsch. Can't say what the new one will do. Might have some of the young stormtroopers sent up; try their hand out or something.

Erwin Kohn. Was Freundlich a criminal?

August Karsch. Yep! He's doing five years for raping children.

Egon Freundlich.

[Overhears this.]

I am, am I? And you think you're a hell of a lot of gentlemen, because you're politicians and Christians and other breeds of liberals. Let me tell you this—in the real prison, we chaps stuck together. We weren't

milksops like you. If one of our fellows had squealed on another, like Mueller did on that swine Herder the other day, he'd have spat blood the same evening.

[*During the last few words, FRITZ GERTE, the new commandant, has come in, followed by CORPORAL LUEDEKE and a few S.S. men.*]

Corporal Luedeke. Barrack Seven for inspection, sir.

Egon Freundlich.

[*Drawing himself up and addressing his squad.*]

Barrack Seven, 'shun.

[*He turns to FRITZ GERTE and salutes.*]

Heil Hitler!

Fritz Gerte. Anything to report?

Egon Freundlich. Three men ill. Five in detention cells.
Two new arrivals.

Fritz Gerte. Anything else?

Corporal Luedeke. Johann Herder, who calls himself a Bible scholar, was ordered twenty-five lashes on the buttocks and neck by the former commandant, sir.

Fritz Gerte. On what grounds?

Corporal Luedeke. Because.

[*Reads from his notebook.*]

“ while peeling potatoes, he started making propaganda for his silly Jehovah.”

Fritz Gerte. And?

Corporal Luedeke. Until now the punishment couldn't be given, because Herder was in hospital, sick. He's well now.

Fritz Gerte. Herder, step forward.

[JOHANN HERDER *steps forward.*]

What did you say? No lies, please.

Corporal Luedeke. Twenty-five extra for any lies.

Johann Herder. We were peeling potatoes. Then a phrase came into my mind which the Apostle Paul wrote: "The seed shall be sown in unrighteousness but shall arise in glory. It shall be sown in weakness but shall arise in strength."

Fritz Gerte. That's meant to be a threat, is it?

Johann Herder. A warning, Herr Commandant. The world is full of sin, anti-Christ rules on earth. Those are the signs of which it says in the Bible that they precede the Day of Judgment.

Fritz Gerte. By anti-Christ, perhaps you mean our Leader, eh?

Johann Herder. I meant the spirit of evil, sir.

Fritz Gerte. Corporal Luedeke, carry out the sentence tomorrow morning. The whole camp is to be present; see to it.

Corporal Luedeke. Very well, Herr Commandant.

Johann Herder. I'm too old for such treatment, sir. I gave

my sons to the fatherland during the war. I'm seventy years' old.

Fritz Gerte. That's something you should have thought about before. Fall in.

[JOHANN HERDER *steps back to his place.*]

I want you men to understand that I will have no slackness in the camp. I am in charge here and my orders are to be obeyed. In this camp you will be taught to understand what National Socialism means. The National Socialist Party will train you to be worthy of the Third Reich. We must preserve iron discipline in the ranks. Greater Germany allows no failures, no excuses, no weakness. Punishment will follow every delinquency. You will learn to realize that the State is greater than the individual. . . . As I came along just now I noticed that one of you had stepped on a flower-bed and trodden down one of the flowers. That's sheer careless brutality. As a punishment there will be special exercise before the evening meal. Corporal Luedeke, you will take over the squad.

[*He turns to go, then recollecting himself, he walks up to*
FRIEDRICH HALL.]

I hope I won't hear any complaints about you.

[FRITZ GERTE *turns abruptly and walks off, followed by the*
S.S. men.]

Corporal Luedeke. Barrack Seven, stand at ease! . . . Stand easy! . . . Egon Freundlich, let me see your papers.

[FREUNDLICH *hands him the notebook and they confer softly.*]

Erwin Kohn.

[*Whispering to AUGUST KARSCH.*]

How long will this go on?

August Karsch. About three hours, to hell with it.

Erwin Kohn. I've had nothing to eat all day.

August Karsch. Keep your heart up, kid, the first days are the worst. Only don't show them you're afraid of them. The work on the moors is the worst. Thank your stars we're not doing that this evening.

Peter Hofer.

[*A middle-aged worker with a pale, suffering face.*]

Poor Herder, twenty-five lashes. He won't stand it.

Friedrich Hall. God give him courage.

Corporal Luedeke. Silence! I'll have no whispering on parade. All right, Freundlich, you can join the ranks.

[EGON FREUNDLICH *places himself at the head of the front rank.*]

Now, let's see what you can do. Hold your heads up. Squad . . . 'Shun! . . . Number!

[*They do so.*]

Form fours! . . . Right turn! . . . At the double—Quick march! Lead round in a circle, Freundlich.

[*The prisoners are now running round in a circle.*]

Keep in step, you bastards. . . . One—two. . . . One—two. . . . One—two . . . Faster. . . . One—two . . . One—two . . .

[*The lights fade out but the words of command continue in the darkness, gradually the rhythm becomes slower until it*

reaches a heavy, slow beat like the pounding of a mighty sledge-hammer. This beat is accompanied by the sound of spades striking hard ground—A light comes up on a party of prisoners digging. They dig their spades into the ground and raise them in rhythm to the words of command, CORPORAL LUEDEKE stands over them.]

Stand forward, you !

[ERWIN KOHN comes to him.]

Why did you raise your spade before I gave the command?

Erwin Kohn. I thought . . .

Corporal Luedeke. You've no right to think. We do that for you. Back to your place. Bread and water for you this evening.

[The light fades. The words of command continue in the darkness. A light comes up on FRITZ GERTE.]

Fritz Gerte. The National Socialist Party will train you to be worthy of the Third Reich. We must preserve iron discipline in the ranks. The State allows no failures, no excuses, no weakness. Punishment will follow every delinquency. The State is greater than the individual. Heil Hitler !

[The light fades on GERTE. The words of command continue with the sound of the spades. A light comes up on JOHANN HERDER.]

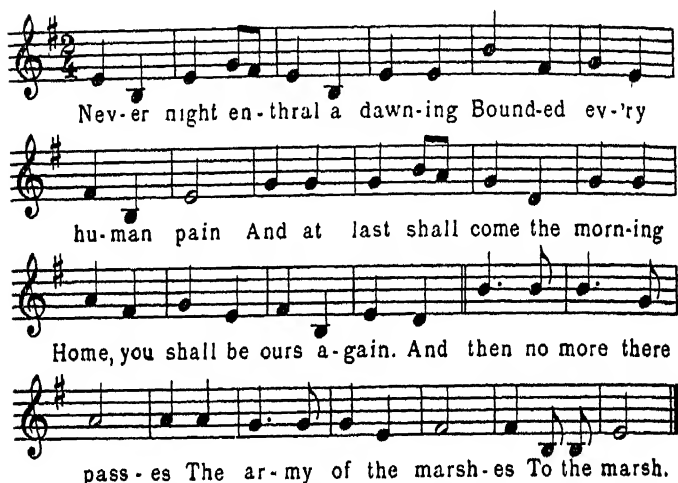
Johann Herder. The seed shall be sown in unrighteousness but shall arise in glory. It shall be sown in weakness but shall arise in strength.

[As the light fades on HERDER we hear the prisoners singing a verse from "The Song of the Moor Soldiers," very

softly, the song that an unknown prisoner wrote in a concentration camp and another unknown prisoner set to music.]

Prisoners.

[Singing in a low voice.]



Nev-er night en-thral a dawn-ing Bounded ev-'ry
hu-man pain And at last shall come the morn-ing
Home, you shall be ours a-gain. And then no more there
pass-es The ar-m'y of the marsh-es To the marsh.

Never night enthrall a dawning
Bounded every human pain
And at last shall come the morning
Home, you shall be ours again.

And then no more there passes
The army of the marshes
To the marsh.

Voice of Corporal Luedeke. Silence! That song is forbidden.

[The light comes up again on the prisoners working. FRIEDRICH HALL leans heavily on his spade at one side. He is gasping for breath.]

Friedrich Hall. Our Father, that art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against——

[He falls forward on the ground.]

Corporal Luedeke. What's happened? Stand up there!

Peter Hofer. He's fainted.

Corporal Luedeke. Shut your mug! Who asked you?

[He goes over to FRIEDRICH HALL.]

And he calls himself a man.

[He turns abruptly on the prisoners, who stand around HALL.]

Get on with your work there. . . . One—two . . . One—two . . . One—two . . .

[The light fades, the words of command rise to a crescendo and then fade away. The light comes up on the day room of Barrack Seven. Rows of lockers line the walls but room is left for the iron-barred windows. On the floor stands a long deal table with benches on either side. In front of this a large urn of coffee stands on a stool from which the prisoners are helping themselves. They stand in a long line to do this and return with their cups to sit at the table. EGON FREUNDLICH is handing out the coffee to each prisoner. Supper consists of slices of bread and coffee. Some of the better-off prisoners have margarine and sausage purchased in the canteen.]

Egon Freundlich. I saw him in the hospital. His skin was in shreds, his lungs pumped full of water. They put his ashes in a locked urn and sent them to the widow with a Heil Hitler. With a Heil Hitler!

Hermann Stetler. Whose ashes?

August Karsch. The bible scholar Herder's.

[FRIEDRICH HALL *staggers.*]

Peter Hofer. Aren't you well?

Friedrich Hall. Thank you. I'm better now.

August Karsch. I know. Litten had the same thing. Weak heart. Finally he wasn't able . . .

Egon Freundlich.

[*Interrupting him.*]

Shut your dirty mug, August, or I'll shut it for you.

August Karsch.

[*Offended.*]

A man ought to be allowed to say what's true now and then.

Karl Mueller.

[*A nervous, thin-faced man.*]

Try to learn to express yourself a little more elegantly, Karsch, we don't all appreciate your lavatory smut.

August Karsch.

[*Sitting.*]

Damned pansies!

Peter Hofer. Sit down here, Hall, you look bad.

[*The prisoners have now sat down.*]

Hermann Stetler. Two hundred men are going to be released on the fifteenth, so I heard.

Erwin Kohn. Do you think I've a chance?

Hermann Stetler. Depends on what's written on your file.

Erwin Kohn. What could be written there, except that I was an emigrant?

Peter Hofer. Probably it says the same as the rest—"no interest attached to the release of this prisoner."

Erwin Kohn. But why? What have I done?

Peter Hofer. Ask the gentlemen themselves that. They're the only ones who know.

August Karsch. Probably didn't like the shape of your nose, kid, and if that's the entry go and look for a rope before they hand you one.

Erwin Kohn.

[*Nervously.*]

You're joking, aren't you?

August Karsch.

[*Shrugs his shoulders and turns to STETLER.*]

Here, you fat-bellied son of a bitch, hand me some of your margarine. We're all equal here, you know.

Egon Freundlich. Someone's pinched that half-loaf of bread out of my locker. Is it you, Karsch?

August Karsch. Well, you stole it from Herder, anyway.

Egon Freundlich. Damned liar!

[*He rises, his fists clenched.*]

Hegust Karsch. Not so quick with your hands, pal, I've knocked a few fellows off in my time.

Peter Hofer. Shut up, the pair of you! Have you nothing better to do than bash your own silly faces?

Karl Mueller. What do they want to quarrel for? Don't we have to see enough violence without that?

August Karsch. Yes, you lousy milk-squirt, that's why you spend your time sucking up to our watch-dogs. You haven't the guts of a flea.

Peter Hofer. None of us are without fear, anyway.

Karl Mueller. We should try to fit ourselves into the conditions of our existence. There's no use running against the tide. That's what I think, anyway.

Egon Freundlich.

[*Sarcastically.*]

You know they want chaps like you in Germany. Brains in your feet, obedience in your blood and the swastika on your heart.

August Karsch. Yes, if he had an Aryan grandfather. But he didn't. His grandmother cross-bred.

Karl Mueller. That's a libel.

August Karsch. Oh, yes? Then, why are you still in here?

Egon Freundlich. If you possessed the brains of a mouse, you'd have told them your grandmother took an Aryan lover.

[*The prisoners laugh. Some of them get up and sit on the floor against the lockers.*]

Erwin Kohn. God! If I could only get out of this.

Peter Hofer. What on earth induced you to come back here, when you were safely in Paris?

Erwin Kohn.

[*Shrugs his shoulders.*]

Why? Every morning in Paris I went for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne. That's a park, like the Tiergarten in Berlin. One morning, in April, I saw the buds on the branch of a tree, it smelt of spring and the people were happy and laughing for no reason. I don't know why, but I felt homesick. I couldn't bear the idea of the people all talking a foreign language. I saw the birches on the Wannsee, and I smelt the sand of the Mark and the pine-woods. I ran back to the hotel, packed my bag, borrowed my railway fare and came back. Can you understand that?

Peter Hofer. No. I don't yearn for a prison. I can fear a prison, but not love it.

Erwin Kohn. Isn't it your fatherland also?

Peter Hofer. My fatherland is wherever there is freedom.

Erwin Kohn. I didn't want to believe any longer what was written in the French newspapers. It isn't possible, I said to myself, it isn't possible. You've known these people, Mueller of the Landsbergerstrasse and Schmidt of Friedrichshain; they were kind-hearted men who lived and let live, they can't have become murderers and sadists over night. I felt I had to see Schmidt and

Mueller again, they'd shake my hand. "Hallo, you old runaway," they'd say, and then we'd go to Aschinger on the Alexanderplatz and have a beer. . . .

August Karsch.

[*Teasingly, to ERWIN KOHN.*]

There was one Jew here whom they boiled, salted and pickled.

Erwin Kohn.

[*Becoming hysterical.*]

I can't stand it any longer. I can't! I thought they'd understand. I tried to make them . . . they laughed at me. Oh, God, let me out of here, let me out!

[*He starts sobbing.*]

Peter Hofer. Steady there!

August Karsch. Stop that! We can't allow that kind of stuff.

[*KOHN continues sobbing.*]

Did you hear what I said to you? Stop that blubbering at once or I'll lay you out.

Erwin Kohn.

[*Lifting his head weakly.*]

I'm sorry.

August Karsch.

[*Clumsily laying his hand on KOHN's shoulder.*]

You'll soon settle down, kid. But don't start that stuff again. Bad for the nerves.

[*He joins a fellow prisoner on the other side of the room.*]

Erwin Kohn.

[To PETER HOFER.]

You see I want to get out so badly. There's so many things I want to paint.

Peter Hofer. Perhaps you'll be out before long. Then you can look up my old woman and tell her I used to be damned scared of her scoldings and squabbling.

Erwin Kohn. Why do you say "used to be"? You talk as though you were dead already.

Peter Hofer. Well, I am as good as. But they haven't the kindness to hang me.

Erwin Kohn. Are you a Red?

Peter Hofer. First they wanted to wheedle me to come over to them as most of my group did, then they tried to knock the belief in Hitler into me. But they didn't succeed.

Erwin Kohn. What's the point of being true to something if no one listens to you?

Peter Hofer. I listen to myself, isn't that good enough?

Erwin Kohn. You yourself said that most of them went over.

Peter Hofer. They even went so far as to denounce me, the poor devils.

[*The prisoners clear away their crockery and go to their bedroom, except FRIEDRICH HALL and PETER HOFER.*]

Friedrich Hall. Why do you call the denouncers "poor devils"?

Peter Hofer. Because they trusted themselves to do more than they were able to carry out. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Yes, if only we'd known what was to come. We laughed and bragged and believed in nothing, not in freedom nor in the children's bogey of the Third Reich. We called freedom a petit bourgeois phrase, so little did we know what slavery is.

Friedrich Hall. Wasn't that the fault of your leaders?

Peter Hofer. It doesn't seem as simple as that to me, Herr Pastor. It's the fault of all of us, both leaders and people. We thought that if someone was a worker, then he was everybody, the Lord God himself, if you'll excuse my saying so. But workers are also only human beings, and if a man brings his pay envelope home to mother every Saturday, that doesn't make him any the wiser. Sometimes it even makes him more stupid, because he's never learnt anything, and because he falls for every swindle and doesn't see a yard beyond his nose.

Friedrich Hall. Just as Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, so today man sells his freedom for his daily bread. . . . Perhaps we shouldn't accuse political systems so much as pity humanity which breaks down, because men demand justice without being just, and brotherhood without having brotherly love.

Peter Hofer. That's too Christ-like for me. Please don't be offended at my saying so.

Friedrich Hall. If you had the power, would you take revenge and martyr and torture your enemies?

Peter Hofer. Kill, if need be, yes. Skin them, no.

Friedrich Hall. I also knew a time when I believed in power. When the war broke out, I could have served in the Red Cross or have done my duty as army chaplain. I didn't want to. I doubted the truth of the saying that I must hold out my right cheek to him who struck the left. The fatherland was threatened. For two years I fought in the trenches. For two years I gritted my teeth. It's necessary, I said to myself again and again, when I groaned with horror. I was wounded. In the hospital, a French Catholic priest was lying beside me, a soldier like me; we talked to one another. A fortnight earlier we hated and wished to kill each other. He died. On his death-bed he prayed for my forgiveness. And I, my dear friend, wept and prayed God for forgiveness. Today I believe only in the way of understanding and of love. There's no question on earth which can't be settled without force, however complicated and entangled it may be.

Peter Hofer. It takes two to arrive at a solution without force, Herr Pastor. It isn't we who invite force, it's the others. Shall I be robbed of my right and say thank you very much? I'd rather die.

Friedrich Hall. The courage to die has become cheap, so cheap that I often ask myself whether it isn't a flight from life.

Peter Hofer. You pour the baby out with the bath. What matters is what a man lives for and how he dies, Herr Pastor. There's the rub. . . . In this camp there was a man called Erich Muehsam, and he was a poet. His crime? That he upheld the cause of the people, that he believed in freedom and justice for all. The Nazis couldn't forgive him that, that's why they maimed him till he died, and when he was dead hanged up his body and said that he'd taken a rope and hanged himself.

Friedrich Hall. Terrible!

Peter Hofer. When once these walls fall down, so much that is terrible will come to light that it will be like Gethsemane. The sun will darken, and the beasts will howl. Before Muehsam died, the Nazis played a joke on him. One day they came into his cell, took him out and pushed him against the wall. They released the safety catches of their revolvers and one of them said, "Now, Muehsam, you sing us a song, the Horst Wessel Lied; we know very well that you're a famous operatic singer." Muehsam was silent. "What, you swine, you refuse to obey? If you don't sing, we shoot you." Muehsam was silent. Thereupon they put a spade in his hands and told him to dig his grave. As I said, it was only a joke. Muehsam dug, without saying a word and without flickering an eyelash. They watched him for a time, as you know they were just joking, then they put him against the wall once more and cried: "This is getting too stupid for us, either you sing, or we shoot." They raised their guns and counted. It wasn't a joke for Muehsam. He thought his last hour had come. And do

you know what he did? He sang. But he didn't sing the Horst Wessel Lied. He sang the International.

Friedrich Hall.

[After a pause.]

Yes, that is real courage. I thank you, Herr Hofer, I believe you have given me courage too.

Peter Hofer. You're a rebel, Herr Pastor, but you don't know it.

Friedrich Hall. Perhaps you're a Christian who has gone astray and don't know it either.

Egon Freundlich.

[Enters.]

Get a move on! Jump to it! Step outside! Erwin Kohn for closet-cleaning! Friedrich Hall for room service.

[The prisoners hurry out of the barracks. From outside one hears orders being given and the tread of marching columns of men. FRIEDRICH HALL takes a brush and sweeps the dirt together. Enter an S.S. man.]

S.S. Man. Are you Hall?

Friedrich Hall. Yes.

S.S. Man. Visitors for you.

[FRIEDRICH HALL puts the broom away.]

[S.S. MAN calling outside.]

Ask the ladies to come this way.

[IDA HALL and CHRISTINE HALL come in. IDA HALL throws herself on FRIEDRICH HALL and embraces him.]

Ida Hall. Friedrich!

Friedrich Hall. Ida ! Christine !

Ida Hall. Friedrich, dear, are you well ?

Friedrich Hall. Yes, Ida.

Ida Hall. The gentlemen were all so friendly to us, we didn't have to announce our visit. The General managed to get us leave. They showed us in at once. I imagined it all being much worse ; why, you've even got flower-beds. Everyone sends you greetings, the General's doing what he can, but unfortunately he's so indiscreet that even his old friends in the ministry are worried. Goodness, I'm forgetting all the things we've brought with us. Here's one of those sponge-cakes you like so much ; Julie baked it for you. And here are some clean shirts. I've brought a cold sausage for you as well ; you ought to put it on ice—of course, though, you won't have an ice-box ; put it on the window-sill, then it won't spoil.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, my dear. Now tell me how you are. And Christine ! why aren't you in America ?

Christine Hall. Werner went on, father.

Friedrich Hall. And you are going to follow him, is that it ?

Christine Hall. We'll all go there, when you come home, father.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, and we'll take the musical clock with us. But I don't like your not leaving with Werner as we arranged.

Ida Hall. She can't marry him just yet, anyhow, Friedrich.

Friedrich Hall. Why? What's this? Has anything come between you?

Christine Hall. No, nothing, father—only, we won't discuss it now, we've so little time.

Ida Hall. They told us at the Ministry of the Interior, that you'd soon be out, and that you're a model worker. What work do they make you do, dear?

Friedrich Hall.

[*After a painful pause.*]

Ida, dear, you look so pale. Haven't you been well?

Ida Hall.

[*Unable to maintain her assumed cheerfulness.*]

Oh, Friedrich.

Friedrich Hall. No, Ida, don't cry. I couldn't bear that. How are all my friends?

Ida Hall. We don't see very much of them now, Friedrich.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, it's only in trouble that one knows who are one's real friends.

Christine Hall. The poor people of the parish pray for your safe return, papa darling. I think they miss you most of all.

Friedrich Hall. Tell them to believe in me and in the word I preached to them. I, too, shall pray for them.

Ida Hall. Friedrich, if you signed that form, saying that from now on you will always obey the Leader, I believe they would release you.

Friedrich Hall. I have always rendered unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. I will go on doing so.

Ida Hall. Hasn't life taught you anything?

Friedrich Hall. Yes, Ida. Here in this concentration camp it's taught me that I am on the path of righteousness.

S.S. Man. You must say goodbye now . . . the visiting-hour is up.

Ida Hall. Don't be headstrong, Friedrich, I entreat you. Are you so sure what is God's and what is Caesar's?

S.S. Man. The visiting-hour is up.

Ida Hall. Be sure you keep warm, Friedrich; you catch cold so easily. Do they look after you here? And take a walk in the fresh air every day. And rest your eyes. Don't stay up at night so long reading. Goodbye, Friedrich. I think of you day and night, and I pray God that you come home safe and sound.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Embracing IDA.*]

Be strong, Ida.

Christine Hall. Goodbye, father.

Friedrich Hall. Goodbye, my dear child. I'm anxious about you.

Christine Hall. No, don't worry about me, father.

Friedrich Hall. Look after your mother.

[*Softly.*]

Guard her from that "true friend."

[IDA HALL and CHRISTINE HALL go out, accompanied by the S.S. MAN. A few seconds' pause. FRIEDRICH HALL stays looking at the parcels. The S.S. MAN has returned, without FRIEDRICH HALL noticing him.]

S.S. Man. If I can help you in any way, Pastor.

Friedrich Hall.

[Startled.]

Aren't you forbidden to speak to prisoners?

S.S. Man. You confirmed me, Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. Aren't you Heinrich Degen?

S.S. Man. Yes, Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. Why are you a National Socialist?

S.S. Man. When I left school, I started looking for work; for four years I was looking for work. Wherever I went they said, We're getting rid of workers, not taking them on. A man needs something which he can stand by, some bit of hope. Years went by, the only thing I learnt was having my relief card stamped. . . Then I heard Hitler speak. Hitler said things are done like this, and now you know, and even if you die of it you can be proud because many will have to die, and Germany will go on living.

Friedrich Hall. Is Germany living?

S.S. Man. It's damned different from what I thought it

was going to be. I never imagined that I'd ever have to stand guard over you.

[*With suppressed wildness.*]

One hardly dare breathe any more. Still, what can one do? I don't want to be beheaded.

Friedrich Hall. God give you courage.

S.S. Man. Me? It is you who will need the courage, Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. I have it, now.

S.S. Man.

[*Coming close to FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

There is a spot I know of in the barbed-wire fence where the electric current has been turned off . . .

Friedrich Hall. No, my friend, I am prepared for the worst that can happen to me.

S.S. Man. Death is not the worst, Herr Pastor. Remember Johann Herder.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, I know. I know. I'm afraid of that . . . terribly afraid. . . . But I must be strong, do you understand, Degen? This is something that is required of me. I must bear everything.

S.S. Man.

[*Moving to the window.*]

The commandant is coming.

[*Softly to FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

Don't forget, Herr Pastor. I can help you if you want.

[*His voice suddenly becomes hard as FRITZ GERTE comes in.*]

What sort of a pig-sty do you think this is? Clean up this mess and get a move on.

[*Turns and salutes GERTE.*]

A prisoner doing room duty, sir.

Fritz Gerte. Thank you. You may go.

[*The S.S. MAN goes.*]

I'd like to say a few words to you, unofficially.

Friedrich Hall.

[*At attention.*]

At your service, Herr Commandant.

Fritz Gerte. Please forget, for a few minutes, that I'm your superior officer.

[*FRIEDRICH HALL is silent.*]

You aren't a young man any longer, Pastor Hall. This camp is hard and we can't make exceptions. I've released you from closet-cleaning and from service on the moor. That's all I can do.

Friedrich Hall. Thank you.

Fritz Gerte. But I can't go on favouring you for any length of time; you must be clear about that. I've told your wife that; she understands me.

[*FRIEDRICH HALL listens attentively.*]

You've got twenty men and women into trouble with your snivelling letters, isn't that enough? They've all been arrested and it's your fault.

Friedrich Hall. I remember having received the letters, but not having written them.

Fritz Gerte. There's no difference. The letters which someone receives could also have been written by him. Why must you mix yourself up in politics? Christ Himself said that His kingdom was not of this world.

Friedrich Hall. Do you really expect me to enter into theological controversies with you? . . . Excuse my arrogance, Herr Commandant, I am ready to answer even you.

Fritz Gerte. Why do you make life so difficult for yourself? You could live honoured and respected, if only you were reasonable.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, I know. I ought to keep silent. Silence would be the greatest crime.

Fritz Gerte. I learnt in school that the Church also rooted out its enemies with fire and sword. Was that loving your neighbour?

Friedrich Hall. The heads of the Church were men like you and I. Many stumbled, many erred, many have falsified His word in their blind zeal—but Christ was always the ultimate judge and Christ did not err.

Fritz Gerte. Is that meant to be a rebuff to our Leader?

(FRIEDRICH HALL *continues his sweeping.*)

Well, Christ was a human being too, probably a decent one.

Friedrich Hall. Even though born of Jewish parents?

Fritz Gerte. Christ hated the Jews as only a Nordic man can hate them. He turned them out of the Temple, and they denounced Him and crucified Him.

Friedrich Hall. You see, you demand from me not only that I should be silent, but that I should approve of your teachings, your heresies.

Fritz Gerte. I don't demand anything of you. Think of your wife and your daughter and submit to the inevitable. We are stronger than you, we've conquered the people, we are victors.

Friedrich Hall. We can do nothing against the truth, only for the truth.

Fritz Gerte. Sign the form saying that you will obey Hitler, and I guarantee that you will be released.

Friedrich Hall. So long as Hitler observes the law I shall obey him, freely and without signing any forms. I have no more desire to escape the arm of authority than had the Apostles of old. But I will not keep quiet at man's behest when God commands me to speak. We must obey God rather than man.

Fritz Gerte. Look here, Hall, don't make things so damned difficult. Remember I may one day be your son-in-law.

Friedrich Hall. Is that why little Christine has not gone to America? Are you still trying to blackmail my family?

Fritz Gerte. Without my help your wife would now be in jail for smuggling currency.

Friedrich Hall. Your arm reaches far, Herr Commandant.
... But while I have words in my mouth and truth in
my heart Christine will never marry a hangman's slave.

Fritz Gerte.

[*Furious.*]

Silence!

Friedrich Hall.

[*His excitement growing.*]

There will be no more silence now, Herr Commandant.
You and I stand face to face, unmasked in the sight
of God. The words that I will speak belong not to me
but to another and they shall be spoken. I call you a
hangman's slave with good reason.

Fritz Gerte. Silence, you damned fool. If others overhear
you I shall have to sentence you to be lashed.

[CORPORAL LUEDEKE'S *voice from outside*—"Barrack Seven
back from outdoor duty."]

Friedrich Hall. I dare you to do it. The others are here.
The time has come.

Fritz Gerte.

[*Between his teeth.*]

Hall, I implore you. . . .

[*The prisoners come in.*]

Friedrich Hall.

[*Loud and calm.*]

Fellow men, I denounce this man in the name of God

and with him I denounce the Party, which bids him do such things.

[*He turns to FRITZ GERTE.*]

You have ordered the seventy-year-old Bible scholar Herder . . .

Fritz Gerte.

[*Hissing.*]

You're beyond saving!

Friedrich Hall. . . . to be flogged because in his agony and despair he quoted a word from the Holy Scripture, to comfort himself and the others. You forced him to count the lashes and you forced us to look on at his martyrdom. Herder has died. An hour will come, Fritz Gerte, when you will answer for this, if not before your earthly judges, then before your heavenly ones.

Fritz Gerte. Guard!

S.S. Man Heinrich Degen. Yes, sir!

Fritz Gerte. Put the prisoner into solitary confinement. Tomorrow morning he will receive twenty-five strokes before the assembled camp.

[FRITZ GERTE and CORPORAL LUEDEKE go quickly out.]

S.S. Man Heinrich Degen.

[*Softly to FRIEDRICH HALL as he leads him out.*]

We can do it now, Herr Pastor. It's your only chance.

Friedrich Hall. God give me courage.

[*The S.S. MAN goes out with FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

Karl Mueller. He must have gone mad.

Egon Freundlich. Well, his number's up.

August Karsch. Damned fool to start preaching like that.
Thank God an enlightened old proletarian like me
doesn't get fooled by religion.

Peter Hofer. Shut up, the lot of you! If only Germany had
had more like him.

Erwin Kohn.

[*Softly.*]

My mother was a servant woman too.

[*There is a short pause.*]

August Karsch.

[*Rousing himself.*]

Guess you're right, pal. We're all a lot of lousy cowards
really.

Peter Hofer. Well, let's have the song. . . .

Egon Freundlich. Come on—the "Song of the Moor
Soldiers."

Karl Mueller. Not that, not that. It's forbidden.

Several Prisoners. Damned coward! Shut your mouth!
Why didn't you stay with your mamma? With his
grandmamma, more likely!

Egon Freundlich.

[*To MUELLER.*]

Listen, you lousy, sneaking son of a milk-sucking

Portuguese, if you attempt to squeal once again, I'll give you a rubbing down with my own hands that'll teach you there are some things a gentleman doesn't do. Understand?

[KARL MUELLER goes off into the bedroom and sits down with his back to the others. The other prisoners begin to sing. At first softly, then gradually louder, with suppressed rebelliousness.]

Prisoners.

[*Singing.*]

Further than the eye can follow
Moor and marsh encompass me
Lifeless every hagg and hollow
Cold and crooked every tree
 The army of the marshes
 with pick and shovel passes
 To the marsh.

Bleak the winter sun has westered
From the barbed and wounding wire
To the prison camp sequestered
We are far from our desire
 The army of the marshes
 with pick and shovel passes
 To the marsh.

Never night enthrall a dawning
Bounded every human pain
And at last shall come the morning
Home, you shall be ours again.

And then no more there passes
The army of the marshes
To the marsh.¹

[During the singing of the last stanza, the prison sirens begin to whistle.]

Calls from Outside. Away from the windows! Away from the windows!

[The rattle of a machine-gun and rifle shots are heard. Great disturbance amongst the prisoners.]

Peter Hofer. The sirens. Someone has fled!

Egon Freundlich. The parson!

Hermann Stetler. Out and out suicide.

August Karsch. He's dead by now.

Karl Mueller. We'll have to pay for it.

Erwin Kohn.

[Intensely.]

Schema Jisroel, adenoï elohem, adenoï echod.

Peter Hofer.

[Who has crept to the window, turning round.]

They've shot an S.S. man—it's Heinrich Degen.

¹ Translated by W. H. Auden.

CURTAIN

PASTOR HALL

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The following day. Living-room in GENERAL PAUL VON GROTJAHN'S house.*

In the background, right of the audience, doors. Heavy oak furniture and leather-covered chairs. Over the writing-table there hangs a big picture of King Frederic II. Over a low bookshelf a picture by Anton Werner, "Founding of the German Reich at Versailles." On the writing-table there stands a bronze lion. In one corner, on a high pedestal, the bust of the Venus of Milo.

Room and writing-desk are painfully clean and orderly. Pencils, arranged in a row like soldiers, lie on the desk which is empty of papers and books. At times, while the General is speaking, he takes a pencil and puts it in line, only a soldier would understand why.

TRAUGOTT PIPERMANN stands in front of the General, who is sitting at his writing-desk.

Paul von Grotjahn. What can I do for you, Herr . . . ?

Traugott Pipermann. Pipermann, Excellence, Traugott Pipermann.

Paul von Grotjahn. Herr Pipermann.

Traugott Pipermann. Although I wanted to serve the fatherland, yet the doctors refused me on account of a chronic ulcer of the stomach. I wanted to underline that, because there are evil tongues wagging. The ulcer still gives me trouble.

Paul von Grotjahn. Interesting, Herr. . . .

Traugott Pipermann. Excellence, have you really and truly

forgotten who I am? Although on that memorable day my eyes were naked and today I'm wearing blue spectacles and where the stomach's amiss the eyes are amiss also, yet they're only glasses for preserving my sight.

Paul von Grotjahn. Damned if I ever saw you before in my life . . . what d'you say the name was?

Traugott Pipermann. Pipermann. Your excellency ordered from me, when your blessed wife was still living, a pair of shoes in brown patent leather, with rubber soles. Although I was of the opinion that brown patent leather would have a tendency to crease into little folds, yet I believe that I served your excellency conscientiously.

Paul von Grotjahn. Of course, the shoemaker.

[PIPERMANN contorts with pain because the General calls him shoemaker and not master shoemaker.]

Pipermann.

Traugott Pipermann. And why, if I may ask, has your excellency withdrawn the honour of his custom from me?

Paul von Grotjahn. My dear Pipermann, no offence meant. Fact is I wear factory-made shoes nowadays. Not so beautiful and elegant as yours, but cheaper.

Traugott Pipermann. Indeed, we've fallen on evil, evil times.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[Thinking that the purpose of the visit is accomplished starts to rise.]

Well, Pipermann, old chap, if some rich aunt leaves me something in her will, I'll be glad to . . .

Traugott Pipermann.

[*Interrupting.*]

Who, for example, would ever have thought it of Pastor Hall?

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Attentive.*]

Have you news of Pastor Hall?

Traugott Pipermann. Although I'm only a mediator . . . master-shoemaker, yet in my free hours I'm Churchwarden of the parish. I've seen it coming. My warning was cast on the winds, and unfortunately, unfortunately Pastor Hall was also cast on the winds. Now it's too late.

Paul von Grotjahn. Speak out, man. Don't sit mumbling that damned nonsense. Has something happened to Hall?

Traugott Pipermann. Although the Bible says, Let thy word be yea or nay, whatever exceedeth that is evil, yet this rule only concerns questions of conscience, and I should be the last who would care to speak evil of Pastor Hall. He is a poor prisoner. The present authorities accuse him of serious failings, yes, even of crimes, and far be it from me to pass judgment on these accusations.

Paul von Grotjahn. Have you come here to say anything or have you not?

Traugott Pipermann. Patience, Herr General, I crave your patience. It is often better to conceal our words these days, but men who seek the truth will not have difficulty in perceiving it. Now, although the parish prays for its parishioners and no one believes in the guilt of the pastor and the church is full as never before and the collection boxes too, Herr General, yet I believe that all this brings harm on the Pastor and suspicion and persecution on the parish. Loyalty is an honourable thing, Excellency, and you are a loyal friend of the Pastor's. I am also, Herr General, yet when no one follows us, would we not be better to resign ourselves and leave the just judgment to the wisdom of God?

Paul von Grotjahn. Herr . . .

Traugott Pipermann. Pipermann, Excellency, Master-Shoemaker Pipermann.

Paul von Grotjahn. Pipermann, I don't know what the blazes you are driving at, but, unless I am mistaken—you're a confounded lily-livered, yellow-faced mongrel. Stay at your cobbler's last, man, and don't attempt to address another word to me on the subject of loyalty, that is, if you don't want to be horse-whipped.

Traugott Pipermann.

[*Getting up quickly.*]

Although after this unjust insult there's nothing left for me to say, yet I say this. The just have much to endure.

[*He makes for the door.*]

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Hurling his spectacle-case after him.*]

And take your spectacle-case with you.

[PIPERMANN *retrieves his case from the floor and collides with*
CHRISTINE HALL *as she comes in.*]

Hullo, Christine. Get back safely? How was he, the old devil? Why, what's this? Crying?

Christine Hall. No. I think I got something in my eye.

Paul von Grotjahn. Sit down, young lady, and don't tell fibs. What'll you take, a schnapps? Or some old Spanish cognac, quite as good as French. Sweeter, but ladies like that. . . .

[*Smacks his lips.*]

Christine Hall. No, thanks. It was so awful, I don't think I shall ever forget it. Poor papa.

Paul von Grotjahn. Ida seemed to think he was quite well.

Christine Hall. He was trying so hard to prevent us being anxious about him.

Paul von Grotjahn. Nonsense. I've known Hall since we stole apples together—a pair of ragamuffins. Believe me, he's tough. Won't let those fellows get him down easily.

Christine Hall. Mother worries so much. She makes herself sick worrying over it all.

Paul von Grotjahn. Women all the same. Ida always one of the worst. I remember as well as I remember yester-

day when you were all as well off as anyone, she piled up the larder with sausages and tinned stuff. Thought you might all starve one day.

Christine Hall. She's put the old musical clock in her bedroom and lets it go on playing day and night.

Paul von Grotjahn.

"The God who planted iron here
Willed that no man should slave be."

The highly-treasonable song? Is she afraid of being denounced?

Christine Hall. On the contrary, she opens the window so that all the neighbours can hear it.

Paul von Grotjahn. Strange.

[Pause.]

Christine Hall. Have you any news of Werner?

Paul von Grotjahn. A letter eight pages long. He writes that New York's a jungle. People run around, as though they have to open up new paths through the bush every day. They mistake skyscrapers for Heaven and the Stock Exchange for Jacob's Ladder. But they don't let anyone gag their mouths. That's the most important thing, isn't it? . . . Otherwise everything's going very well with him.

Christine Hall.

[Hesitant.]

Did Werner ask after me?

Paul von Grotjahn. Naturally he's sad that you've broken off the engagement.

Christine Hall. That evening, when they arrested papa, and Werner said to me that papa really had been indiscreet, and that he ought to have thought about the people who wrote home those letters, it gave me a stab; it was exactly as though a stranger were talking to me.

Paul von Grotjahn. You know his opinions.

Christine Hall. He didn't place himself at father's side. He spoke of an injustice crying to Heaven, as though he were speaking about an astronomical formula.

Paul von Grotjahn. Always the same. When my poor wife ran away from me, silly woman, Werner was only a brat. I thought he'd forget her, that he didn't care. One day I saw him playing. The young devil had carved a man and woman out of wood. The man was me, the woman his mother. He gave them both a good scolding, then put them in the fire. Said it served them right. No heart, that boy.

Christine Hall. There are situations in life when we must take one side or the other, aren't there?

Paul von Grotjahn. Don't believe in being objective myself. Werner got that outlook from his mother. She, poor soul, took an objective view of me and Major von Dirckstein, decided for him, ran away, regretted it ever since. Terrible!

Christine Hall. If anyone had told me a year ago that I

would break off an engagement with a man I loved because he didn't think like me, I'd have laughed.

Paul von Grotjahn. We're living in a strange age, my dear. Politics push their way in through the keyhole. Families divided against themselves. Can't see any end to it all.

Christine Hall. But isn't it terrible to think that Werner and I, who loved each other, should be separated because of this. If we'd been living in any other time, the situation would never have arisen. We'd have been married and probably lived happily, knowing no difference between us great enough to divide us.

[*After a pause.*]

Do you think papa would be released if I married Fritz Gerte?

Paul von Grotjahn. That filthy object? Impossible. Has your mother suggested this crazy notion?

Christine Hall. No. But I know she would have liked it long ago. She doesn't talk about him any more—but somehow I feel that this is what would put everything right.

Paul von Grotjahn. Don't be a damned fool, Christine. Perhaps I've no right to advise you. I don't believe in getting mixed up in people's affairs; that's why I kept clear of you and Werner. But now, confound it, I'll give you my mind. You're a straightforward girl—after my own heart—what do you want to start being a martyr for? Isn't one in the family enough for you?

Daughter sacrificing herself for father. Leave that stuff to film stars and heroines of penny dreadfuls.

Christine Hall. I haven't the stuff in me to be a martyr.

Paul von Grotjahn. Very well, then.

Christine Hall. I'd much rather . . .

Paul von Grotjahn. Out with it.

Christine Hall. . . . Be your daughter-in-law.

Paul von Grotjahn. Well, to be that, you have to include my son in the bargain.

Christine Hall. He's insufferable.

Paul von Grotjahn. Now we're back where we started from.

Christine Hall. Can you explain it to me, Uncle Paul? I find Werner insufferable and yet . . .

Paul von Grotjahn. You love him, eh?

Christine Hall.

[*Softly.*]

Father must be freed before anything else.

Paul von Grotjahn. Heaven knows, I envy that boy. . . .
I came damnably near proposing to you myself.

Christine Hall.

[*Laughing.*]

And I'd have said yes, and then it would have been too late for you to retreat.

[*Knock at the door.*]

Paul von Grotjahn. Excuse me. Come in!

[Enter JULIE, excited and upset.]

Julie. I wanted to speak to Fräulein Christine.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[Rising.]

I'll go into the other room.

Christine Hall. No—wait. What is it, Julie? Has something happened to mother?

Julie. No, not to the Frau Pastor.

Christine Hall. Father?

Julie. The Herr Pastor . . .

Paul von Grotjahn. Say what you mean.

Julie. The Pastor's waiting down below in a taxi.

Paul von Grotjahn. You're off your nut, woman.

Julie. It's time, sir. Oh, Fräulein Christine, he's back again, he's back again.

Christine Hall. Julie, it's not time. Where is he now, downstairs? Does mother know?

Paul von Grotjahn. Just wait a moment. Let's get this straight, it may be a trap. How did it happen?

Julie. When I was out shopping, there was a man standing at the corner who tapped me on the shoulder. I cried out in a fright, because it was dark and then I recognized the Herr Pastor. . . . He said he wanted to speak

[CHRISTINE HALL goes out. One hears again the noise of the key turning in the lock and the falling chain.]

I can't stand that sound.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[Fills FRIEDRICH HALL's glass and takes one for himself.]

Prost, Friedrich. I drink to your health . . . and to freedom!

[Empties his glass.]

Friedrich Hall. I ran away from the camp.

Paul von Grotjahn. That's what I call courage!

Friedrich Hall. It wasn't courage. It was fear. Miserable fear.

[Stares before him.]

Paul von Grotjahn. Every true hero is afraid. Courage begins at the point where one overcomes fear. When I went into the barrage before Verdun, something human happened to me. I was as ashamed of myself as a nun. I was so frightened that my monocle fell out on to the ground. Then . . . I set my teeth and gave my orders with the coldest possible air.

Friedrich Hall. A young man lost his life on my account.

Paul von Grotjahn. Now say what happened from the beginning.

Friedrich Hall. They ordered me to be punished with five-and-twenty lashes.

Paul von Grotjahn. Scum!

Friedrich Hall. I brought the punishment on myself, because I was proud and wanted to show how strong I was. . . . I was led out. I went across the courtyard, and I looked up at the night sky, and the stars were far away, and I froze with cold. I began to weep and I prayed, "Lord, take this cup from me." . . . The day before I'd been forced to see them flog a seventy-year-old man. He was tied on to the trestle, two Nazis beat him with ox-hide whips. He was made to count the lashes; we all stood around in the square. When he began to scream after the tenth lash, they stuck a gag in his mouth. . . . I besought the Storm trooper who walked beside me. He took me by the arm and he led me to a place in the barbed-wire fence where it wasn't electrified, and he said: "Run!" I ran. Searchlights were lit up. I saw my rescuer collapse with a bullet through him.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Comforting him.*]

Perhaps you're wrong, perhaps the fellow was only wounded.

Friedrich Hall. God forgive me; that would have been still worse. They would have made him die ten deaths then.

Paul von Grotjahn. Didn't they follow you?

Friedrich Hall. I ran as far as the next village. A peasant took me in. He fed me, he gave me his cloak and hat, and, the next day, he drove me, covered in hay, to the outskirts of the town.

[*A few seconds of silence.*]

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Standing up.*]

Excuse me.

Friedrich Hall. Where are you going?

Paul von Grotjahn. To put on my uniform, with all the decorations and orders, the Iron Cross, first class, and the whole shop window of hardware. I am going to see the Minister of War.

Friedrich Hall. But, Paul, what for? There's nothing can be done now.

Paul von Grotjahn. We'll see. I'm going now to insist on you're being given full liberty. If they refuse—there'll be a row, that's all.

Friedrich Hall. Paul, listen to me. You'll only get yourself into trouble. You can do nothing for me now. I didn't come here for that.

Paul von Grotjahn. I've been sitting on the fence too long, old boy. As Christine said to me a few minutes ago, there are situations in life, when one has to take sides. I'm going into battle now, full war kit, over the top, long live Germany!

[*During the last words, the bell rings. The door opens. CHRISTINE HALL's voice can be heard: "Father's in there, mamma"—IDA HALL rushes in.*]

Ida Hall. Jesus Christ be praised!

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Going out.*]

Goodbye, my dear friends.

Friedrich Hall. Ida, my dear old Ida. . . .

Ida Hall. Don't speak, dear heart, I know everything.

Friedrich Hall. Ida, I must speak.

Ida Hall. But I know all.

Friedrich Hall. I'm a fugitive, Ida, a man who's broken down, and who needs you, needs your protection, your warmth, your kind, foolish heart.

Ida Hall. We'll run away together. Somewhere we'll find a country that will take us in, and people who'll let us live and die in peace. I'm strong, I can cook and sew. I'll surely find work. You've supported me for nineteen years, now let me take care of you, little father.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Smiling tenderly.*]

That's what you called me on our honeymoon.

Ida Hall. I feel so gay and happy. I think it had to happen as it happened. Every sorrow has a purpose.

Friedrich Hall. If we're strong enough.

[*CHRISTINE HALL runs in.*]

Christine Hall. Mother, quick, Fritz Gerte is outside. He wants you.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Jumps up.*]

We were at least allowed to dream.

Ida Hall. Does he know?

Christine Hall. No. He heard you were here. He has been to our house.

Ida Hall.

[*Pointing to a door on the right.*]

Go in there! I'll get rid of him all right.

[*She pushes him through the door right.*]

Ask him to come in.

[*CHRISTINE HALL goes out. IDA HALL sits down in the chair in which FRIEDRICH HALL has just sat. She sits calm, upright, collected, quite a different person. FRITZ GERTE comes in.*]

Fritz Gerte. So you're here. I've been looking for you like a needle in a haystack.

Ida Hall. Won't you sit down?

Fritz Gerte. Certainly. Thank you. Where is the General?

Ida Hall. I'd like to know that myself.

Fritz Gerte. Are you waiting for him?

Ida Hall. Were you looking for me to ask me that question?

Fritz Gerte. Of course not . . . Are you well? How are you getting on?

Ida Hall. Excellently.

Fritz Gerte. Have you heard from your husband?

Ida Hall. I visited him only yesterday.

Fritz Gerte. Of course . . . Won't you really tell me why you're waiting for the General?

Ida Hall. If you must know it, I was going to ask him to draw up a complaint for me. I have a complaint against you.

Fritz Gerte. Against me?

Ida Hall. Against you. Because you only allowed me a quarter of an hour in which to speak to my husband.

Fritz Gerte. Absurd.

Ida Hall. To me it doesn't seem at all absurd. I am going to put it through that next time I see him for an hour, perhaps even for two hours. And without surveillance.

Fritz Gerte. You'll have to wait a long time to fix that.

Ida Hall. The General knows the Leader's Adjutant.

Fritz Gerte. It really seems as if you know nothing.

Ida Hall. What ought I to know then?

Fritz Gerte. Your husband's hooked it.

Ida Hall. I don't understand. . . .

Fritz Gerte. That's his gratitude.

Ida Hall. Fled, you say? Fled abroad?

Fritz Gerte. Possible, but not likely.

Ida Hall. Please, may I tell the news to Christine?

Fritz Gerte. No. I've got to speak to you, Ida. I was always a good friend to you. I saved you from being sent to prison.

Ida Hall.

[*Pointedly.*]

Christine's broken her engagement with Werner von Grotjahn.

Fritz Gerte. Christine can go to the devil! Your husband's flight may cost me my life. They've already threatened me with an investigation. They'll find out that I favoured him, they'll discover that I took your part. Don't you understand then, Ida, your head is in danger too.

Ida Hall. Mine? Why?

Fritz Gerte. Because they'll find out about the smuggled money. Because they'll find out that I've been helping you. Ida, for God's sake, don't you see I'm ruined. They'll push me out of the Party.

Ida Hall. Then you'll have to take up your civil profession again.

Fritz Gerte. I a shopkeeper? Stand behind a counter from morning till evening and sell suits off the rod? I'd sooner put a bullet through my head.

Ida Hall. Well, this time you're certain of being taken by an Aryan firm.

Fritz Gerte. You must help me . . . and help yourself.

Ida Hall. Is it in my power?

Fritz Gerte. Of course it's in your power . . . I imagine that your husband's in hiding. By some means or other he'll try to get in touch with you.

Ida Hall. And then?

Fritz Gerte. How slow you are in the uptake! As soon as you have his address, you must inform me.

Ida Hall. I must betray my husband?

Fritz Gerte. I promise you that nothing will happen to your husband. I'll even pledge myself to get him released.

Ida Hall. You swear that to me?

Fritz Gerte. On my word of honour.

Ida Hall. Will you give it to me in writing as well?

Fritz Gerte.

[*Hesitates a moment, then :*]

Of course.

[*At this moment the door right opens and in comes FRIEDRICH HALL. FRITZ GERTE quickly draws out his revolver.*]

[*Speaking together.*]

Fritz Gerte. Hands up!

Ida Hall.

[*Screaming.*]

Friedrich, why did you have to do this? This is the end for all of us.

Friedrich Hall. No, Ida, this is perhaps the beginning, the beginning that I was afraid to face yesterday.

[Turning to FRITZ GERTE.]

I heard your ardent pleading just now. So powerful and yet so cowardly.

Fritz Gerte. Cowardly? You too, Herr Pastor.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, I too. I tried to shirk the trial that was laid on me . . . But now I'm coming with you. The prison cell will not drown my voice. The trestle on which you bind me will be a pulpit, and the parish so mighty that no church in the world will be able to contain it.

[The door is thrown open. PAUL VON GROTJAHN comes in, dressed in General's full uniform, with orders and decorations. CHRISTINE HALL follows him.]

Paul von Grotjahn.

[Calling out from the door.]

Not one of the whole damned lot has any moral courage!

[Taking in the situation.]

What the hell's going on?

Fritz Gerte. Pastor Hall is my prisoner.

Paul von Grotjahn. He's nothing of the sort. Pastor Hall is under my protection, I'll answer for him.

Christine Hall. Oh, papa, darling, why did you come back to this room?

Friedrich Hall. Please, everyone allow me to go with this man, it's all going to be right now.

Ida Hall.

[*Standing between FRITZ GERTE and FRIEDRICH HALL.*]

I won't . . . I won't. If you dare touch him, I'll ruin you, Fritz. I'll shout out what you are in the streets. I'll tell the whole story. How you bargained with me to possess Christine, how you sheltered us for your own greed and lust. I have no shame left now.

Fritz Gerte. If it's force you want. . . .

[*He pushes IDA aside at the same moment PAUL VON GROTJAHN seizes GERTE's revolver from his other hand.*]

Paul von Grotjahn. An old trick. . . . Learnt it from a Frenchman . . . quite simple.

Fritz Gerte.

[*Moving towards the General.*]

How dare you . . .

Paul von Grotjahn. Not so spry there.

[*He levels the revolver at GERTE.*]

I'm master in this house and I never did like having worms like you around.

Fritz Gerte. You'll pay for this . . .

Paul von Grotjahn. Get out!

Fritz Gerte.

[*Shouting.*]

You're all under arrest.

Paul von Grotjahn.

[*Slapping GERTE in the face.*]

About turn! Quick march!

Fritz Gerte.

[*Stands for a moment astonished.*]

Even you won't get away with this, General. I'll go, but not for long enough to let one of you escape.

[*He turns and goes out.*]

Paul von Grotjahn. Damned cheek!

Ida Hall. We must hurry. What shall we do?

Paul von Grotjahn. Not much time. He'll be back. With a hundred armed thugs even that fellow might be dangerous. Come, Friedrich.

[*They turn and look at PASTOR HALL, who stands motionless.*]

Friedrich Hall. Today is Sunday.

Paul von Grotjahn. We better try the backstairs.

Christine Hall. You'll have to come too, Uncle Paul.

Paul von Grotjahn. They won't touch me.

[*The clock strikes seven-thirty.*]

Friedrich Hall.

[*As if in a trance.*]

The evening service is just going to begin.

Ida Hall. Friedrich, darling, what do you mean?

Friedrich Hall.

[*To VON GROTJAHN.*]

Do you think we could get as far as the church?

Ida Hall.

[*Understanding.*]

Friedrich!

Friedrich Hall. My place is in the pulpit.

Paul von Grotjahn. Not wise, old fellow.

Friedrich Hall. Were you wise to throw Gerte out?

Paul von Grotjahn. Had to do something about it.

Friedrich Hall. Yes, that's it. Even you, Paul, who've remained silent for so long. You had to do something about it. Others will do the same.

Christine Hall. Papa, darling, listen to me. I've always stood by you. Even in the concentration camp, when I knew how mother was suffering because of you, I didn't beg you to give in and sign. I knew in my heart that you had to go your own way, but now what you want to do is insane.

Friedrich Hall. What then? Am I to escape by the backstairs like a common criminal?

Christine Hall. Because you have the right to live. Because we need you too.

Friedrich Hall. I can't sacrifice the truth any longer, not even for you and Ida.

Ida Hall. But they won't let you preach.

Paul von Grotjahn. It's open rebellion! You can't defeat them. They are in power now. Why should they give in?

Friedrich Hall. Did Christ give in?

Ida Hall. But Gerte will break into the church. He'll arrest you in the pulpit.

Friedrich Hall. Then three thousand people will see that their rulers are afraid of the truth.

Paul von Grotjahn. Rubbish. Three thousand people will creep like Traugott Pipermann. Anyhow, what is truth?

Friedrich Hall. With that question Pontius Pilate tempted a Greater One.

Ida Hall. Friedrich, they'll kill you.

Friedrich Hall.

[*Very softly.*]

I will live. It will be like a fire that no might can put out, the meek will tell the meek and they'll become brave again. One man will tell another that the anti-Christ rules, the destroyer, the enemy of mankind—and they will find strength and follow my example.

[*For a moment there is silence. Then IDA HALL goes to FRIEDRICH HALL and embraces him.*]

Christine Hall. Let us go, father.

Paul von Grotjahn. I've been proud of this uniform all my life, so was my father and his father before him. Better find someone to serve now . . . no use if you don't believe in what you're fighting for . . .

[*Lightly.*]

If you don't mind, old fellow, I'll stand beside the pulpit. Never did care for sermons much, but still . . .

Friedrich Hall. Thank you, Paul.

[A short pause.]

Ida Hall. It's time. Come.

[They leave the room. From outside comes the tolling of the church bell, which continues until the end. After a moment JULIE comes in, she looks around, troubled. Then from the distance comes the tramp of marching men. It grows nearer. JULIE kneels down and prays.]

CURTAIN

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